THE Comical Hiſtory OF DON QUIXOTE,

As it is ACTED
AT THE
QUEENS THEATRE
IN
Dorſet-Garden,
By Their Majeſties Servants.

Collated
&
Perfect.
J.H. 1880

PART I.

First Edition.

Written by Mr. D'Urfey.

LONDON,
Printed for *Samuel Briſcoe*, at the Corner of *Charles-ſtreet*, in *Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent-Garden*, 1694.

To Her GRACE
THE
Dutcheſs of ORMOND.

DON Quixote *having not only been well Receiv'd upon the Stage, but alſo having clear'd himſelf with Reputation, from the Slander and Prejudice which malicious Criticks had reſolv'd upon, to ſully and blaſt him; I could not forbear ſuffering him to aſpire to this Second Honour of Dedicating himſelf to your* GRACE, *from whoſe Noble and unbyaſs'd Judgment, he may aſſure himſelf of an Obliging Reception, and a Generous Security.*

The Honour your Grace, and the reſt of the Nobility and Gentry did me to ſee this Play in its Rehearſal or Undreſs, was a happy preſage of its future good fortune; the Stars were all in conjunction to do me good; and I think I may ſafely ſay, without offence, That when the Ladies came to my Third Day, there never was at this time o'th' year, in the Hemiſphere of the Play-houſe, ſo dazling and numerous a Conſtellation ſeen before.

'Tis, Madam, from your GRACE'*s proſperous Influence that I Date my good Fortune; and I ſhall be very glad if this poor Off-ſpring of my Brain, has Merit enough to deſerve the Honour of a Smile from ſo Great and ſo Good a Patroneſſe.*

Further, I dare not proceed on this Subject, leſt I ſhould involve my ſelf raſhly, in praiſe of what is even too great for praiſe it ſelf, and ſo only ſhew my own Ambition, in aſpiring to write on ſo Glorious a Theme, without doing you any Juſtice, who are always infinitely above what ever my Genius can ever pretend to in that Nature.

The World, that knows the Noble Stock from which you ſprung, are ſenſible that 'tis impoſſible for you to derogate from ſuch flouriſhing and ſignaliz'd Virtues; And thoſe likewiſe that conſider you, as the Happy

To Her GRACE
THE
Dutcheſs of ORMOND.

DON Quixote *having not only been well Receiv'd upon the Stage, but alſo having clear'd himſelf with Reputation, from the Slander and Prejudice which malicious Criticks had reſolv'd upon, to ſully and blaſt him; I could not forbear ſuffering hin to aſpire to this Second Honour of Dedicating himſelf to your* GRACE, *from whoſe Noble and unbyaſs'd Judgment, he may aſſure himſelf of an Obliging Reception, and a Generous Security.*

The Honour your Grace, and the reſt of the Nobility and Gentry did me to ſee this Play in its Rehearſal or Undreſs, was a happy preſage of its future good fortune; the Stars were all in conjunction to do me good; and I think I may ſafely ſay, without offence, That when the Ladies came to my Third Day, there never was at this time o'th' year, in the Hemiſphere of the Play-houſe, ſo dazling and numerous a Conſtellation ſeen before.

'Tis, Madam, from your GRACE*'s proſperous Influence that I Date my good Fortune; and I ſhall be very glad if this poor Off-ſpring of my Brain, has Merit enough to deſerve the Honour of a Smile from ſo Great and ſo Good a Patroneſſe.*

Further, I dare not proceed on this Subject, leſt I ſhould involve my ſelf raſhly, in praiſe of what is even too great for praiſe it ſelf, and ſo only ſhew my own Ambition, in aſpiring to write on ſo Glorious a Theme, without doing you any Juſtice, who are always infinitely above what ever my Genius can ever pretend to in that Nature.

The World, that knows the Noble Stock from which you ſprung, are ſenſible that 'tis impoſſible for you to derogate from ſuch flouriſhing and ſignaliz'd Virtues; And thoſe likewiſe that conſider you, as the Happy

Conſort of the Great ORMOND, *whoſe indefatigable Zeal to Serve His Majeſty, and his afflicted Country, with his deareſt Blood and Fortune abroad, leaves him ſcarce leiſure to dry your Tears up for the laſt Parting, or pay his Paternal Bleſſing to his dear Children at home, ought to behold your Grace with double Reverence, and unite their Prayers and Wiſhes, that all things in his Abſence may tend to your Comfort, ſatisfaction, and Honour; and that the troubleſome Hours may run ſwiftly off, to give way to the tranſporting News of his Happy Return with Fame aud Victory.*

One of theſe general Admirers of both your Matchleſs Deſerts and Virtues, I beſeech your Grace to believe me, whoſe Dutious Wiſhes are conſtantly Devoted to your Service——*And now particuarly, may the whole Hierarchy of Angels protect ye in the expected Hour of Trouble; and may the Rejoycing Worthy Part o'th' World be Bleſt with another Noble, Loyal, and Valiant* OSSORY *Great and Admir'd as his Illuſtrious, and never to be forgotten Grandfather. And that this unvalu'd Bleſſing, and all other that can make your Grace, and that* Truly Noble, and moſt Dearly Lov'd Heroe abroad, Happy in one another; *May Succeed as your Deſire, is the Devotion and daily Wiſh*

Of

MADAM,

Your Graces moſt Faithful,

And moſt Humbe Servant

T. DURFEY.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*.

IN hopes the coming Scenes your Mirth will raiſe
To you, the Juſt pretenders to the Bays;
The Poet humbly thus a Reverence pays
And you, the Contraries, that hate the Pains
Of Labour'd Senſe, or of Improving Brains:
That feel the Laſhes in a well-writ Play,
He bids perk up and ſmile, the Satyr ſleeps to Day.
Our Sancho *bears no Rods to make ye ſmart;*
Proverbs, and Merry Jokes, are all his Part.
The Modiſh Spark may Paint, and lie in Paſte,
Wear a huge Steinkirk twiſted to his Waſte;
And not ſee here, how foppiſh he is Dreſs'd.
The Country Captain, that to Town does come,
From his Militia Troop, and Spouſe at home,
To beat a London-*Doxies Kettle-Drum:*
One, who not only th' whole Pit can prove,
That ſhe for Braſs Half-crown has barter'd Love:
But the Eighteen-penny Whore-maſters above,
With his Broad Gold may Treat his Pliant Dear,
Without being ſhown a Bubbled Coxcomb here.
Grave Dons of Bus'neſs, may be Bulker's Cullies,
And Crop-ear'd Prentices ſet up for Bullies,
And not one Horſe-whip Laſh here, flaug their Follies;
Nay, our hot Blades, whoſe Honour was ſo ſmall,
They'd not bear Arms, becauſe not Colonels all:
That wiſh the French *may have a mighty Slaughter;*
But wiſh it ſafely,——on this ſide o'th' Water.
Yet when the King returns, are all prepar'd
To beg Commiſſions in the Standing-Guard;
Even theſe, the Sons of Shame and Cowardize,
Will 'ſcape us now, tho' 'tis a curſed Vice.
Our Author has a famous Story choſe,
Whoſe Comick Theme no Perſon does expoſe,
But the Knights-Errant; and pray where are thoſe?
There was an Age, when Knights with Launce and Shield,
Would Right a Ladies Honour in the Field:
To puniſh Raviſhers, to Death would run;
But thoſe Romantick Days,—— alas, are gone;
Some of our Knights now, rather would make one,
Who finding a young Virgin, by Diſaſter,
Ty'd to a Tree, wonld rather tie her faſter.
Yet theſe muſt 'ſcape too; ſo indeed muſt all
Court-Cuckold-makers now not Jeſt does maul;
Nor the horn'd herd within yon City-Wall.
The Orange-Miſs, that here Cajoles the Duke,
May ſell her Rotten-Ware without rebuke.
The young Coquet, whoſe Cheats few Fools can dive at,
May Trade, and th' Old Tope Kniperkin in private.
The Atheiſt too on Laws Divine may Trample,
And the Plump Jolly Prieſt get Drunk for Church-Example.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

By *Sancho*, Riding upon his Aſs.

MOngſt *our Fore-fathers, that pure Wit profeſt,*
There's an old Proverb, That two Heads are beſt.
Dapple *and I have therefore jogg'd this way,*
Through ſheer good Nature, to defend this Play:
Tho' I've no Friends, yet he (as proof may ſhew,)
May have Relations here, for ought I know.
For in a Crowd, where various Heads are addle,
May, many an Aſs be, that ne'er wore a Saddle.
'Tis then for him that I this Speech intend,
Becauſe I know he is the Poet's Friend;
And, as 'tis ſaid, a parlous Aſs once ſpoke,
When Crab-tree Cudgel did his Rage provoke;
So if you are not civil, 'sbud, I fear,
He'll ſpeak again,———
And tell the Ladies, every Dapple *here.*
Take good Advice then, and with kindneſs win him,
Tho' he looks ſimply, you don't know what's in him:
He has ſhrew'd Parts, and proper for his place,
And yet no Plotter, you may ſee by's Face;
He tells no Lyes, nor does Sedition vent,
Nor ever Brays againſt the Government:
Then for his Garb he's like the Spaniſh *Nation,*
Still the old Mode, he never changes Faſhion;
His ſober Carriage too you've ſeen to day,
But for's Religion, troth, I cannot ſay
Whether for Maſon, Burgis, Muggleton,
The Houſe with Steeple, or the Houſe with None;
I rather think he's of your Pagan Crew,
For he ne'er goes to Church———*no more than you.*
Some that would, by his Looks, gueſs his Opinion,
Say, he's a Papiſh; *others, a* Socinian:
But I believe him, if the truth were known;
As th'reſt of the Town-Aſſes are, of none;
But for ſome other Gifts———*mind what I ſay,*
Never compare, each Dapple *has his Day,*
Nor anger him, but kindly uſe this Play;
For ſhould you with him, conceal'd Parts diſcloſe,
Lord! how like Ninneys, would look all the Beaus.

Dram-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Men		By
Don Quixote.	A frantick Gentleman of the *Mancha* in *Spain*, that fancies himſelf a Knight Errant.	Mr. *Boen.*
Don *Fernando.*	A young Nobleman.	Mr. *Powel.*
Cardenio.	A Gentleman, that being treacherouſly depriv'd of *Luſcinda* his Betroth'd Miſtreſs, fell Mad.	Mr. *Bowman.*
Ambroſio.	A young Student, and Stranger, a Friend to *Chryſoſtome*, and a great Woman-hater.	Mr. *Verbruggen.*
Perez.	A Curate.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Nicholas.	A merry *Drolling* Barber.	Mr. *Harrris.*
Sancho Panca.	A dry ſhrewd Country Fellow, Squire to *Don Quixote*, a great ſpeaker of Proverbs, which he blunders out upon all occaſions, tho' never ſo far from the purpoſe.	Mr. *Doggett.*
Gines de *Paſſamonte*		Mr. *Haines.*
Pallameque, *Lope Ruiz,* *Quartrezzo,* *Tenorio,* *Martinez.*	Gally-ſlaves.	
Guarding the Slaves.		Officers.
2d. Barber.		
Vincent.	A humorous Hoſt, or Innkeeper.	Mr. *Bright.*

Women.

Women.		By
Marcella,	A young beautiful Shepherdeſs that hates Mankind, and by her ſcorn occaſions the Death of *Chryſoſtome*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Dorothea,	*alias*, Princeſs *Micomicona*, a young Virgin betroth'd to Don *Fernando*, but deſerted by him for *Luſcinda*, but afterwards reconcil'd.	Mrs. *Knight*.
Luſcinda,	A young Lady betroth'd to *Cardenio*, ſtollen from a Nunnery by Don *Fernando*, whom ſhe fled thither to avoid.	Mrs. *Bowman*.
Tereſa Pancha,	Wife to *Sancho*, a ſilly credulous Country Creature.	Mrs. *Leigh*.
Mary the Buxom,	*Sancho*'s Daughter, a Rude, laughing, clowniſh Hoyden, Incomparably Acted by	Mrs. *Verbruggen*.
Hoſteſs,		
Maritornes,	Her Daughter.	

The Body of *Chryſoſtom*.
Knights of ſeveral Orders.
Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, Inchanters, Inchantreſſes, Singers, Dancers, and Attendants.

The SCENE, *Mancha* in *Spain*,

A Pleaſant Champian with a Windmill in Proſpect.

THE

THE
Comical Hiſtory
OF
DON QUIXOTE.

Act I. Scene I.

A Champian, with a Windmill at diſtance.

The Curtain Drawn, Don Quixote *is ſeen Arm'd* Cap-a-pee, *upon his Horſe* Roſinante ; *and* Sancho *by him upon* Dapple *his Aſs,* —— *Eating a bunch of* Haws.

Don Quix. Sancho.

San. Sir.

Don Q. We are now in purſuit of Valorous Adventures ; enter'd into the pleaſant Fields of *Montiel*, the Air is fragrant and delightful, and the Valley, near yonder Tuft of Virdant Trees, Cool and Shady ; therefore let us alight —— And prithee take the Bridle from *Roſinante*'s Head, that he may the better taſte the Refreſhment of this flowry Paſture ; and when thou haſt done ſo, ſhew the ſame Courteſie to thy own friend *Dapple*, for they have born us to day with a fortitude and patience that exact from us, an anſwerable Return of Civility.

San. With all my Heart, Sir ; and I wiſh that *Dapples* generoſity could be as Civil to me, as I to him, and return me a good refreſhing too, for as the Caſe of my Belly now ſtands, I find my fortitude and patience inclining to yield to the Giant Hunger; and methinks, I begin to wiſh my ſelf an Aſs too, that we might Improve good fellowſhip, and lovingly Dine together. [*Kiſſing* Dapple.

Don Qu. Do not indulge thy ſelf, too much upon thy Belly, good *Sancho*; an Epicure contradicts the function of the Squire of a Knight-Errant, entirely; go, do as I have order'd, and at thy return I will give thee the honour of a Conference.

San. If the Conference were to be over a good piece of Beef and Cabbage, I could confer now like any Clergyman; but I don't like theſe windy Exhortations without meat,——[*aſide.* Now am I to be fed with a tedious Tale of Knight-Errantry, when my Guts are all in uproar within me for want of better proviſion.

[*Exit with* Roſin. *and* Dapple.

Don Qu. The groſs and ſordid quality of this Fellow, gives me the better reflection upon my ſelf, for as his thoughts are grovelling like his Nature, ſo mine are elevate like my Profeſſion: On which let me now conſider a little. What art thou? And what wouldſt thou be, Don *Quixote*? A Renown'd Knight-Errant, a Tamer of Giants, a Righter of Wrongs, a Defender of Virgins, a Protector of Juſtice; In fine, a Scourge to the Infamous World, and a noble Retriever of the Golden Age; but hold Illuſtrious Don, you are not Knighted yet, and conſequently incapable of theſe Performances. What then? as I have read in Books of Chivalry, I may ſtill undertake an eaſie Adventure, under the Title of the Maiden-Knight, till I receive that honour; and then proceed the glory of that function, the terrour of all Miſcreants, and the delight and wonder of enſuing Ages.

Re-enter Sancho.

San. So, thanks be to Lady *Flora*, the Beaſts are well provided for, *Dapple* is happy, he is exerciſing his Grinders yonder, whilſt I carry mine here only for ſhew; for the Devil of any other uſe will my Maſter let me have for 'em; See—— now is he making his Dinner upon Cogitations, and I am to have the Scraps of 'em for mine; Honour and Air is always our fare. Oh *Sancho, Sancho!* What haſt thou brought thy ſelf to?

Don Qu. Oh *Dulcinea del Toboſo!* Thou light of all Eyes, Empreſs of my Soul, and Sovereign Princeſs of my Heart and Vitals.

San. Ay, 'tis ſo, Thought of his ſuppos'd Miſtreſs, a Murrain take her, is the firſt Courſe, and no doubt a Conceipt of the next beating for her will be the ſecond; Oons this is choice Dyet, I grow damnably fat upon't; Oh Dunce! You muſt leave Wife and Children to go a Squiring, muſt ye? Well! can you eat Graſs, good Squire? Can your Worſhip Dine upon Clover, you may find Salleds in abundance, but like the Spaniſh Boors, your Countrymen, the Devil of any meat to 'em, moſt Noble Squire.

Don Qu. Now Animal of little Faith, and leſs Ingenuity, what are you grumbling at?

San. Why troth, Sir, if your Worſhip will needs know, my Belly and I have had a ſharp Combat, it was grumbling at me for a good Dinner, and I was cramming it as well as I could with the good hopes of the Iſland your Worſhip has promis'd me, when you come to be Emperour of——what d'ee call it.

Don Qu. Empires, *Sancho*, have their Titles as various as the ways to Atchieve 'em; but let it ſuffice thee, that when I am Dub'd Knight, as with the firſt opportunity I mean to be, Adventures of that Nature will flow in upon us; ſo that in the ſpace that one may trim a Beard, an Empire may Drop into my Mouth, and an Iſland, or at leaſt an Earldom into thine.

San. Pray Heaven my Government afford me Beef enough, to make amends for all theſe Days of Faſting: But I have found to my ſorrow in your Service hitherto; that fair Words butter no Parſnips; he is blind enough that ſees not through the Holes of a Seive; Deſert and Reward ſeldom keep Company, and none are Fools always, tho' every one ſometimes; better on bare Foot then no Foot at all; and thou art known by him that doth thee feed, not by him that doth thee breed; and he that——

Don Qu. Wheiw! a plague on thee, where the Devil art thou running with thy ſlim flams? what time of Year hence doſt think I ſhall anſwer thee, if thou runn'ſt on threading thy Proverbs at this rate.

San. Well, well, Sir, that's all one; Let every one be the Son of his own Works, for under the name of a Man one may become Pope; for my part, I ſee Land every day more then other, you promis'd Iſlands and Earldoms; but how you ſhall get 'em or I govern 'em is the queſtion; the *Sancho*'s know better how to govern a Plough than a Province; and ſince I have been your Squire I have got no preferment yet, but Cudgels and more Cudgels, blows, and more blows; I have been but three days out a Squiring, and if drubbing could get me an Iſland I have deſerv'd one as big as *Great Britain* already.

Don Qu. Battles of Honour, *Sancho*, ſhould not be diſparaged by the baſe Epithete of drubbing; thou haſt done Nobly, and as Noble ſhall be thy reward; therefore I once more tell thee, fear not thy Bones, and thou ſhalt be great, only becauſe I know thou art an Admirer of Proverbs, always remember this——That Patience grows not in every ones Garden.

San. Ay, and pray, Sir, do you remember this, That there is not always good Chear where there's a Smoaking Chimney, and there's Proverb for Proverb;—— But yet a plague on't, this plaguy Government wont out of my head, and methinks he promiſes it with as much Confidence ſidence as if he were Emperour already, and carried the Keys of it at his Girdle. ——Let me ſee,—— to be *Don Sancho*,——good; to ſit upon my Velvet Cuſhions of State, and look big upon my Vaſſals,——good again; then to have my Wife be a Counteſs, and come to me in a Morning with—Good morrow my Lord the Governour, hah, ha, ha, very good, faith——Admirable! I am tranſported at the thoughts on't; therefore Bones ach, Guts grumble, I am reſolv'd to be great in defiance of ye both.

Don Qu. Hah! What do I ſee! —— Thanks to thoſe propitious Stars that Uſher my Renown and Fortune, occaſion offers it ſelf in a moſt glorious Adventure.

San. What's the matter now?

Don Qu. Seeſt thou that Giant, *Sancho.* [*points at the Scene.*

San. Giant, Sir.

Don Qu. That monſtrous Giant, with Arms almoſt two Leagues long! ſee how he ſwings 'em about, and fans himſelf to Cool his head.

San. I ſee no Giant, not I, I ſee a Windmill.

Don Qu. 'Tis the dreadful Giant *Caraculiambro*, Tyrant of the Iſland *Mallindrania*, who devours every day to appeaſe his hunger, 12 new born Children bak'd, whoſe Bones he grinds between his Teeth to powder.

San. Ha, ha, ha, ha,——'Tis the Giant *Windmilliambro* you mean, Tyrant of the Iſland of Wheat, Barley, and Oats, twelve Buſhels of which he every day devours, and grinds the Grains between the Stones to powder.

Don Qu. See there, an Innocent Wretch dreſs'd all in White, whom the horrid Canibal is Juſt now drawing into his Mouth.

San. Oons! What Innocent? what Wretch? what Mouth? Why don't you ſee 'tis the Miller in his White Coat, going to carry a Sack into the Mill Door?

Don Qu. I tell thee 'tis one of the brood of *Antæon*, whom I am oblig'd to cut off, from the face of the Earth; therefore Saddle *Roſinante* inſtantly, and if thou art afraid go aſide thy ſelf, and pray whilſt I enter into Cruel and unequal Battle.

San. Battle, Gadsbud, Sir, are ye blind, will ye Battle a Windmill, have ye a mind your Brains ſhould be daſh'd out with the Sails.

Don Qu. Jolthead, to thee, they may ſeem Sails, but to me they are like the hundred Arms of its Brother Giant *Briareus*, whom I will Inſtantly Lop off and deſtroy, with whoſe ſpoils we will begin to be Rich.——Away, I ſay, that I may perform an Exploit for aftertimes to wonder at——Stand thou proud Miſcreant, and fly me not; I will attack thee alone, Oh Beautiful and Ador'd *Dulcinea*, Influence now thy Knight, I beſeech thee, I come Canibal, I come,——Stay, ſtay, thou Monſter, [*Exit Don* Quixote.

Sancho. Stay, Stay, Ay you need not fear but the Windmill will ſtay for ye, d'ſheart he'l be knock'd o' th' Head now; and there's my Iſland gone before I come to't—— Why Sir, Sir, come back for Shame: Ah Plague of his mad Pate, What a Devil ſhall I do with him.

[*Exit* Sancho *after him.*

SCENE II.

An Inn.

Enter Perez *and* Nicholas.

Nicho. Gone from her Fathers Houſe?

Perez. Moſt certainly, and as 'tis thought in ſearch of Don *Fernando*; who forgetting all his former Vows and Promiſes of Marriage to her, as common Fame reports, ſuddenly intends to Wed *Luſcinda.*

Nicho. Luſcinda—— Why 'tis in every ones Mouth that ſhe has long ſince been *Cardenio*'s Miſtreſs.

Perez. Ay, and more than that— has been Betroth'd to him; but that's all one, the old Man her Fathers Love of Money, *Luſcinda*'s Frailty—— and Don *Fernando*'s Treachery, has it ſeems brought my poor Neece *Dorothea* to this Diſtreſs; and poor *Cardenio* to a worſe; who, as 'tis ſaid, ſtark Mad runs wild amongſt yonder Mountains of *Sierra Morena.*

Nicho. But leaving this diſcourſe, now lets mind our new Affair that we agreed on laſt Night about Don *Quixote*, when we heard the two Mad Fools, Maſter and Man, were gone a Knight Erranting.

Perez. I have been Cudgelling my Brains ever ſince, with ſtudying how to retrieve 'em; for I confeſs it troubles me, that a Man of clear Senſe, good Learning, and ſound Judgment, on all other Subjects and Affairs, ſhould be ſo ſtrangely bewitch'd upon the moſt ridiculous of all, Knight Errantry.

Nicho. 'Tis indeed a ſtrange Infatuation.

Perez. But I think I have employ'd my time very well to day in your abſence, for whilſt you have been enquiring which way the Whimſical Knight is gone, I, and the old Woman his Houſe-Keeper, have been burning his Books.

Nicho. That was our laſt Reſolve, I remember, and will no doubt contribute to his Cure; for 'tis moſt certain, that thoſe Romantick Books of Knighthood and Poetry have been the main Cauſe of all his Frantick Humours — but ſee here comes mine Hoſt.

Enter Vincent *Laughing.*

Vinc. Hah, hah, ha, ha, ha.

Nicho. How now mine Hoſt; What price bears Oats and Barley, hah; What new Ambaſſador, or noble Gueſt, with his large Pockets cramm'd with Spaniſh Duckets, has made you ſo merry this morning.

Vinc. Ha, ha, ha ha, —Oh my Heart, Oh my Lungs, —ha, ha, ha, ha, Don *Quixote*, Don *Quixote*, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Perez. Why what of him———

Vinc. The Mad Fool has been charging a Windmill yonder, and ſwears 'twas a Giant; The Sails whisk'd him about like a Rat in a Mill Wheel, indangering his Neck every Minute, till at laſt, Fortune unwilling to ſpill the ſmall quantity of Brains remaining, threw him ſome twenty yards off into a Fiſh Pond, ha, ha, ha, ha, Oh I ſhall burſt, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Nicho. And where is he prithee.

Vinc. Here juſt by, with his Booby *Sancho*; but the beſt Jeſt is, he perſwades himſelf that 'tis all done by Inchantment of ſome Magician that owes him a ſpite, and that this Miſfortune has happened only becauſe he was not Knighted; and therefore has intreated me to do that Honour for him; Calls me, Sir Conſtable, and my Lord; and my Inn, a Caſtle; and I am now going to get my Wife, my Daughter, and two or three other merry Fellows to aſſiſt me in the Ceremony, for I'm reſolv'd to carry on the Jeſt; and if you'll ſtay with me till to morrow morning you ſhall ſhare in't.

Perez. With all my Heart, the diverſion muſt needs be ſurprizing Come, prithee lets go and find him out. [*Exit* Vincent.

Nicho. Oh yonder comes *Sancho*, firſt lets hear what he ſays.

Enter Sancho.

Sancho. Thanks be to good luck—— he has ſav'd his Neck, however, Gramercy Fiſh-Pond, our Adventures had all been at an end elſe Faith; and ſo had my Government too, with all the noble hopes of *Sancho*'s Preferment: Yonder he is, as wet as a Water Spaniel that has juſt been Diving; and as Angry, as if the Windmill had call'd him Coward, or Son of a Whore; and to provoke him more, had rail'd againſt Knight-Errantry.

Nicho. Oh— Neighbour well met, —well, how goes matters, how fares our noble Friend, your Maſter; mine Hoſt tells us he has been Fighting a Deviliſh Giant yonder; prithee how wa'ſt, for I am ſure you muſt know.

Sancho. Though I know no ſuch matter, I'm reſolved to banter the Barber however, [*aſide*]; Why, 'tis even too true Friend, 'twas a damnable Giant, his Name was Garlick de Gambo; And would you believe it Neighbour; Each Eye of him was a big as one of your Baſons; each Tooth as long as one of your Poles, and as ſharp as a Razor; His Chin had Beard enough to ſerve a whole Pariſh with Bruſhes; and his

Mouth was as wide as your Shop Door Neighbour: This is truth upon my Squirehood, I ſaw him.

Nicho. Bleſs us, why this was prodigious; come lets go and congratulate him immediately.

Perez. The Lye is prodigious indeed, [*aſide*], ay come, with all my Heart.

Sancho. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt* Perez *and* Nicholas.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſteſs. Good luck betide us, have I found ye ſo merry at laſt; there has been ſuch a Noiſe within yonder, the Houſe has been too Hot to hold us: There's two Women, or Furies, (for I know not what to make of 'em) inquiring for ye: One of 'em has a Tongue louder than a Sow-gelders Horn; She ſays, ſhe has come three Leagues after ye this morning, and will have ye if ye are above Ground: She has a long lean wither'd Wallnut coloured Face; She's as dirty as a Gipſey, and as ill Dreſs'd as a Rag-Woman.

Sancho. Oh Plague, that muſt be my Wiſe by the Deſcription; and what kind of Creature is with her prithee?

Hoſteſs. A young Todpole Dowdy, as freckled as a Ravens Egg, with matted Hair, ſnotty Noſe, and a pair of Hands as black as the Skin of a Tortois, with Nails as long as a Kites Tallons upon every Finger.

Sancho. Ah, that's my Daughter too, I know by her cleanlineſs: I ſtole away from 'em with deſign to ſurprize my Wiſe with a Counteſs-ſhip before ſhe was aware; but ſince they have found me out by the Scent, let 'em come in with a Pox to 'em. [*Exit* Hoſteſs.

Enter Tereſa *and* Mary, *weeping.*

Tereſ. Oh, thou Dromedary, thou Founder'd Mule without a Pack-Saddle; or what other foul Beaſt ſhall I call thee, for Man thou art not, nor haſt not been to me, Heaven knows the time when; art not thou aſhamed to ſee me, thou Nicompoop.

Sancho. Why how now Crooked Rib, how now Crockadile, can your Tongue wag this Morning, is the Matrimonial Horn-Pipe Tuning already.

Mary. Oh Lord Vather, why would you run away ſo Vather; and how do you think I ſhall get my new pair of Green Stockings home, and have my Sabbath days Shooes mended, if you leave me and my Mother in this Faſhion, oh, ho, oh. [*Howls out.*

Sancho. If any one wants a pair of Marriage Bag-Pipes, I can ſell him now a rare Bargain; A Man that had her for a Wife, and an Acre of Thiſtles, need not care which he burnt firſt; oons what a coil is here.

Tereſ. How have I deſerv'd this, thou Man of the Devil; Have not I been a moſt true, and loving to thee, mended thee weekly from Top to Toe, and taken as much care of Dapple thy Aſs as if he had been Born of my own Body; Have I not clip'd the Briſtles of thy Beard with Wiſe-like Patience, that no filthy Vermin might breed there; and waſhed thee with my own Hands when thou haſt been as full of Mire as a Hog in a Highway: Nay, and what's more, the laſt Night we were in Bed together, would I may never Drink more, if I did not move to thee in the way kindneſs whilſt thou lay'ſt Snoring like a Drunken Carrier, and at laſt gav'ſt me a huge thump, enough to ſpoil a Womans Childing for ever after.

Sancho. Why, thou ſhe Cormorant, thou Man Devourer, have I been beating the Conjugal Drum this twenty years, and doſt thou blame me now for Snoring: Oh Conſcience, Conſcience, Where art thou?

Mary. Yow dont do well Vather, ſo you dont, to call my Mother ſuch Names, ſhe's no Drum; lookee ſlidikins, if any one elſe had call'd her a Drum, Ide ha ſet my Nails in the Jaws of un.

Sancho. Here's a mettled Whore too, sbud, a word or two more would make that young Cat ſet her Claws in my Face indeed.

Tereſ. Ay, you ſee the Child will take her Mothers part, however, go to him *Mary*, ſpeak to him Child, dont be afraid of him whittle Truth, has a good Face, though the Quoif be torn, ſpeak to him I ſay *Mary*.

Sancho. Nay, *Mary*'s an admirable Speaker, I'll ſay that for her; Well, Offſpring, mine *Mary*, the Buxome, What ſay you humph?

Mary. Why, I ſay, you ſhall go home with us now we have found ye Vather; I cant get the Cow home to Night without ye; And there's a Bag of Barley muſt be carried to the Mill too: Gadſniggers I'll hold faſt by this Arm. [*Takes hold of his Arm.*

Tereſ. And I'll ſtick cloſe to t'other. [*Takes the other.*

Sancho. So, Now is here the true ſign of the Marriage Mouſetrap; and I, a Pox on me, am the unlucky Vermin that's caught in't: I'm a notable Figure now I believe if my Picture were drawn: Sbud you Man Leaches let go my Hand; Or by my Hollidame.

Mary. O Lord, you maynt Swear Vather, the Devil will have you if you Swear.

Sancho. And his Dam, there, will have thee, if thou follow'ſt her advice ye young Oaf. Here am I, that by ſeeking noble Adventures, am going to be an Earl; and in the twinkling of a Star to be able to make ye both Counteſſes; and yet this Devil of a Woman will be always croſſing me, and daming her ſelf to Clouted Shooes, and a Canvas Smock all days of her Life.

Mary. A Counteſs! O Lord, Is that true Mother?

Tereſ. Pſhaw, waw, neer mind thoſe great ſounding Titles Fool, they are a great deal too big for our Mouths, *Mary*; My Name has been alway *Tereſa*, and Goodwife *Panca*; and thou, time out of mind, haſt been call'd *Mell* or *Mary*, and at the latter end of my days to be called Counteſs, and I know not what, I ſhall Die, I ſhall ne'er be able to bear it. [*Weeps.*

Sancho. VVhy, there 'tis now; A Plague on't, who would put Honey into an Aſſes Mouth: I am making my ſelf a Governor, and ſetting her upon Velvet Cuſhions of State; and this Plaguy Woman of *Barrabas*, in ſpite of me will ſit bare Buttock'd upon a Dunghil.

Mary. And do yow ſay, that I ſhould be a Governors Daughter, and ſit upon a Cuſhion too, Vather.

Sancho. Wowns, thou ſhalt be a Counteſs I tell thee in a Months time, if that Adder there would leave her Hiſſing, and let me be quiet: *I* would Marry thee in an inſtant to the great Lord Don *Whirligigario*, Son and Heir to the tother great Lord Don *Whachum*: Thou ſhouldſt walk in the Streets with thy Train held up, and two Embroidered Laqueys holding an Umbrel over thee, to keep thy amiable Phiz from Tanning.

Mary. Ha, ha, ha, ha, —— oh Gemini, and that will fit my Humour to a Button, Vather: Well, the firſt thing I would do, ſhould be to learn to be Proud, and look Scornfully; *I* warrant I'd carry my ſelf like a Counteſs quickly.

Tereſ. Alas, poor Mawkin, ſhe's bewitch'd already; I find this Earldom will be the undoing of the poor Jade do what *I* can: Why hear me, thou Father of Folly, thou willful Corrupter of thy own Fleſh and Blood; Does that Child look as if ſhe could walk in State with her Train held up, dſheart 'twill give me Gripes to hear how the Folks will Laugh at her; Look how Stately the Hoggrubber goes, ſays one; ſhe that was yeſterday at her Spinning Wheel, and went to Church with the Skirt of her Coat over her Head, to keep her from the Rain, has now a Tail three yards long, ſays another; and an Umbrel to defend her Olive coloured Countenance, with a Pox to her, ſays a third; This will be the cry all the Village over; therefore come away *Mary*, and dont be a Counteſs Child.

Sancho. Call thy Mother Fool, *Mary* the Buxom, and be a Counteſs in ſpite of her: Remember thou art to be Married, and Breed a Race for the Honour of the *Panca's*, think upon the young Lord *Whirligigario*, Child.

Tereſ. Think upon thy ſelf, *Mary*, remember thou haſt ſometimes worn Shooes, and ſometimes none Child.

Sancho. Crooked Loggs make good Fires, think upon Don *Whirligigario*, *Mell.*

Mary, Ay, ay, Vather, I'm for Don *Whirligigario*, and there's no more to be ſaid, but let my Mother ſit bare Buttock'd upon a Dunghill, if ſhe will, I'll be a Counteſs, *I.*

Sancho. That's my good Girl, look'ee *Tereſa*, the Court has given their Judgment, your Cauſe is loſt in Courſe.

Tereſ. Well Satan, *I* know thou doſt it to break my Heart thou Cruel Man; for the very hour that I ſhall ſee that Girl a Counteſs, will be the hour of my Death; I'm ſure, the Jade will never be able to know her ſelf, ſhe'll be every Minute hoydning and diſcovering her Courſe Thread: Well, ſhe's thy own, do what thou wilt with her; but for my part I'll neer conſent to't, and ſo farewell: A Counteſs, O Lord, I've no Patience to think ont. (*Exit* Tereſa.

Mary. Good Lord, now is my Mother as Ruſty as an old Cow that has got the Belly Ach, but I care not; She dares not beat me, becauſe ſhe knows I'll beat her again. Well, de hear Vather, be ſure you make me a Counteſs as ſoon as ever you can.

Sancho. I warrant thee Girl; and let thy Mother go and Fume at home with the Smoke in the Chimney corner: He that looſes his Wiſe and Six Pence looſes a Teſter: Thou art my Darling, and ſhalt ere long be a Lady; for ſhe that has luck has better than a good Eſtate in Reverſion; and the full Bags of Fools Command Wiſe-Men for Followers. *I* by following Adventures intend to be a Governor; and when *I* am ſo, *I* intend to make thee Rich; And when thou art Rich, no Body will ſay thou art Freckled, nor think thee a Dowry.

For Gold makes Country Joan *look fair and Bonny,*
Though old and chop'd, and Skinn'd like Orange Tawny.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Continues.*

Enter Perez *with a Letter, and* Nicholas.

Nicholas. AND are you ſure, Mr. *Curate*, that your Letter is Authentick, and that it ſays poſitively your Neece *Dorothea* lives diſguis'd amongſt the Shepherds of *Cordova* ?

Perez. 'Tis moſt certain, for the Diſcoverer of her is my particular Friend; one of the beſt of that Quality too in all the Country, and has been often with me at her Father's Houſe.

Nicho. ‘ 'Tis very odd, that when this Devil Love gets once into a
‘ young Female Noddle, what Tricks and Gambols will it make her
‘ play: I had rather be oblig'd to tame a Hare in the beginning of *March*,
‘ and make it come to my Hand, than any Woman in her Pride of Eigh-
‘ teen, if once ſhe be touch'd with this loving Fury.

Perez. ‘ He writes me word here, he diſcover'd her one Evening by
‘ her Singing, for ſhe can Sing too like an Arch-Angel. The pretty Rogue
‘ was waſhing her Feet in a little Brook that runs juſt by his Cottage, the
‘ Whiteneſs of which made him at firſt ſuſpect her Sex, till viewing her
‘ Face nearer, he knew her perfectly, yet diſcover'd not himſelf, but
‘ follow'd her, and by that means found her Abode among the Shep-
‘ herds.

Nicho. And how d'ye intend to get her thence?

Perez. Occaſion offers fitly, to Morrow will be the Funeral of *Chriſoſtom*, a young, witty and learned Engliſh Gentleman, that for the Love of a coy beautiful Virgin of theſe Precincts, call'd *Marcella*, put on a Shepherd's Habit to Court her; but ſhe diſdaining him, diſpair'd and dy'd. At this Ceremony will attend all the Shepherds hereabouts, and there will be a Dirge ſung, with other Rural Games, made by a dear Friend and Country-man of his, call'd *Ambroſio*, in Honour of the dead Man's Memory. Now amongſt this Troop 'tis probable ſhe comes, and I may then ſurpriſe her.

Nicho. 'Tis likely enough I confeſs, and to aſſiſt a little, good Mr. *Curate*, I'll be there too, and if the Clergy miſs her, perhaps the Laity may come in for a Snack; but come, let's mind our preſent Diverſion, here comes mine Hoſt, the Antick Ceremony of the Knighthood will be performed immediately.

Enter Vincent, Hoſteſs, *and* Maritorneſs.

Ah! the Devil take all mad Fools: Was ever Man ſo plagu'd? Come, Wife, Daughter, and Gentlemen, pray mind all your Inſtructions, that I may humor this Frantick Aſs with a Sham Knighthood, and ſo get him out of my Houſe, for I ſhall be undone if he ſtays a day longer in't——He roſe up in a Dream juſt now, and fancying he was fighting with Giants, falls a Slaſhing two Baggs of Red Wine, that ſtood up in a Corner, and has ſpilt upon twenty Gallons on't about the Floar. D'sheart! he has made me almoſt as mad as himſelf; therefore Wife, be ſure you make haſte, and remember your Part of the Ceremony.

Hoſteſs. Ceremony! Hang him; Gad I'll Charge him with a Conſtable, if he does not pay me for my Wine.

Perez. Ha, ha, Oh Neighbour! you muſt conſider he's a mad Man.

Nicho. And ſuch are not only excus'd from Civility, but Law too.

Marit. He calls me Princeſs, Radiant, and Incomparable; and told me my Eyes glitter'd brighter than *Venus* or *Mercury*, with a World more of ſuch Gibberiſh, that for my part, I thought the Devil was in the Man.

Vincent. Ay Gad, I get clear of him preſently——Oh, yonder I ſee him! He's coming with his Armor to this Well, which he takes to be a conſecrated Fountain, and therefore a Place fit to be Knighted in. Come, come all in, let's leave him to himſelf a little, whilſt I go and get all my merry Grigs ready for the Song and Dance; we'll Fool him methodically however. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Quixote *Strip'd, and* Sancho *following, carrying his Armor, and Laughing at him.*

Don. Q. Set down the Shell of my Renown, my Armorr that wondrous Caſe, that muſt defend this Body from vile Inchanters, Monſters, Giants, Furies; there, ſet 'em down by that moſt Holy Fountain, whilſt, like a Tortoiſe, ſtrip'd of her Defence, I craule about, and groveling, kiſs the Earth, till Fate ordains the Honour to retrieve 'em. Go *Sancho*, go thou aſide, my faithful Squire, and Pray, Squires have no other Office in this Ceremony. [Sancho *lays down the Armor.*

Sancho. Why the truth on't is, Sir, you have nick'd me there to a Hair, for my whole Office has been to Pray and Faſt ever ſince I came into your Service: I have told my Wife *Tereſa* Wonders of ye, that I am to be an Earl and a Governor, and the Devil and all, but the Horſe next the Mill carries the Griſt, Miſchiefs come by the Pound, and go away by the Ounce; God ſend me a good Deliverance, I ſay, I am a Fool, I find it.

Don Q. No, if thou woul'ſt have thy ſelf unravel'd, thou art a Mixture of Knave and Fool; the Weights are often equal, but now I think, the Fool weighs down the Ballance; thou art now a ſilly deſponding Varlet.

Sancho. Well, well, where nothing is, a little goes a great way, and an old Dog will learn no Tricks. What a Devil d'ye call this Well a Fountain for? And who the Devil conſecrated it, unleſs it be two or three dozen of bald pate Frogs I heard croaking in't.

Don Q. Hark, I hear 'em coming; [*A Marſhal Noiſe of Drums and Trumpets are heard within.*

Away, I ſay, and do as I command thee; and if thou haſt a Prayer better than ordinary, that treats of Knighthood, and of brave Exploits, perform it with a Stomach, do it, as thou uſeſt to Eat, voraciouſly.

Sancho. Why there's another very pretty Task to, a thing that would baffle the whole Clergy, as I'm a true Squire, to Pray as heartily as one can Eat; ds'bud, there's ne're a Prieſt in Chriſtendom can do't.

Don Q. I have a ſhrew'd Suſpicion that this Belly of thine, *Sancho*, will hinder thy Preferment; when ever the Squire of a Knight Errant gives himſelf to Eating, Honours fall off inſenſibly.

Sancho. Why then the Devil take all Honours; a hungry Horſe makes an ill Journey, and half a Loaf is better than no Bread; rather than ſtarve for a Governorſhip, I'll be plain with you Sir——

Don Q. Away, thou Prater; I'll hear no more, away I ſay.

[*Exit* Sancho, *Grumbling.*

Enter Drums and Trumpets Sounding. Then Enter Vincent, *Crowned with Lawrel, and a Scutcheon in his Hand. Then* Perez, Nicholas, Hoſteſs, Meritorneſs, *with Scutcheons. Then Singers and Dancers, repreſenting Knights of ſeveral Orders, two and two, carrying Branches of Lawrel. They march ſolemnly round* Don Quixote, *who kneels whilſt* Vincent *puts a Circle about his Head, and then Speaks.*

Vincent. Thou God that lov'ſt loud Drums that rattle,
Raw Heads and bloody Bones, and Battle;
That try'ſt with Blows our Senſe of Feeling,
Look down upon this Mortal Kneeling:
Grant him Honours, with Redundance,
Thumps, and Blows, and Kicks aboundance;
And when his Bones all broken be,
Be this the Type of Victory. [*Sticks the Scutcheon in his Circle.* Don Q. *Bows.*
Perez. Proud Giants let him better quell,
Than when he from the Wind-Mill fell,
No more may Fiſh-Ponds drench his Carcaſs,
Nor waggiſh Hoſts make him a ſtark Aſs. [*Sticks his Scutcheon.*

Nicho. Let no Soul-Broker have a Hand in
The Shaving of his Underſtanding.
Fame let him get at Tilt and Barriers,
And never more be ſwing'd by Carriers. [*Sticks his Scutcheon.* Don Q. *Bows.*
Hoſteſs. Claret, no more for Blood be ſpilling,
Nor no more coſtly Wine-Baggs killing;
Leaſt ſome hard-fiſted Oſtler flys on't,
Or angry Hoſteſs ſcratch his Eyes out. [*Sticks her Scutcheon.* Don Q. *Bows.*
Maritor. May *Dulcinea del Toboſo,*
That likes his Tawny Phiz but ſo, ſo,
By being in her Rigor laſting,
Get him more Honour, and more Baſting. [*Sticks her Lawrel, and now altogether, round his Head, bear theſe Words;* The Knight of the Ill-favor'd Face.

Vincent. So, now remove him, whilſt theſe Sons of Fame, theſe Knights that repreſent the Times paſt Glory, perform the reſt of this high Ceremony.

Here Hoſteſs *and* Maritorneſs *raiſe up* Don Quixote, *and lead him to the farther Part of the Stage, and Arm him. Then a Dance is performed, repreſenting Knights Errant Killing a Dragon: Which ended, they bring* Don Quixote *to the Front of the Stage.*

Vincent. Now Sing the Song in Praiſe of Arms and Souldiery.

SONG.

Sing all ye Muſes, your Lutes ſtrike around;
When a Souldier's the Story, what Tongue can want Sound?
Who Danger diſdains, Wounds, Bruiſes and Pains,
When the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains.
Rich profit comes eaſie in Cities of Store,
But the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do roar.
Yet ſee how they run at the Storming a Town,
Through Blood and through Fire, to take the Half-Moon.
They Scale the high Wall,
Whence they ſee others fall.
Their Hearts precious Darling, bright Glory purſuing,
Tho' Death's under foot, and the Mine is juſt blowing.
It ſprings, up they fly, yet more ſtill ſupply,
As Bride grooms to Marry, they haſten to dye.
Till Fate claps her Wings, and the glad Tidings brings,
Of the Breach being enter'd, and then they'r all Kings.

Then

---

additional—which is—a Plaiſter—for with your Lordſhips too much Zeal in Dubbing me, I humbly do conceive——my Head is broke.

Vincent. Moſt happy Omen!

Perez Yes, if it bled three Drops.

Don Q. It has, three hundred, I feel 'em in my Collar.

Hoſteſs. Run *Maritornes,* fetch the *Unguentum Album.*

Don Q. Moſt Radiant Princeſs! I ſhall trouble ye.

Marit. Why truly Sir, ſince you have made me a great Lady, I can't help being as proud as one; and to ſend a Princeſs for a Plaiſter, is, in my Opinion, a little undecent.

Nicho. Oh Madam! your Highneſs ſhall not need, I have one ready here in my Pocket. [*Pulls out his Box.*

Enter Sancho *Haſtily.*

Sancho. Odsbodokins! if ever you'll ſee a fine Sight as long as you live, come away quickly to the Inn Door.

Perez. How now *Sancho?* Where's your Obeyſance to this Noble Knight?

Sancho. Mum, Mum, I underſtand ye—Moſt Noble Emperor, that is to be, I kiſs your Majeſty's Foot.

Don Q. 'Tis well, my Squire—but prithee what Sight is this thou haſt ſeen at the Caſtle Gate?

Sancho. Why at the Caſtle Gate then, ſince you will have it ſo, there's a dead Man walk'd by in more State, and with greater Noiſe after him, than a *London* Alderman, whoſe Soul is gone to Hell for Uſury, then he has, I ſay, when his Son and Heir hires a whole Troop of Blue-Coat-Boys to ſing Pſalms, and try if they can bawl it out again.

Vincent. Oh! 'tis the Funeral of *Chryſoſtom,* that dy'd for Love. My Lord Don *Quixote,* 'tis fit you ſhould be there, perhaps ſome Adventure may ſhew it ſelf.

Don Q. Your Excellence Councels well, there may indeed, for now methinks I'm weary of ſoft Eaſe, and long
for ſome Exploits to rowſe my Valor * now
Giants Monſters tremble, for I come,
To purge the World of Vice by powerful Arms,
In ſpight of Hell, and Necromantick Charms. [Exit Don Q. and *Sancho.*

* *They put on his Helmet.*

Hoſteſs. The Devil go with him; Muſt we loſe our Money for our Wine after all then, for a Jeſt? ds'life I'll run after him, and fetch him back.

Perez. No, no, prithee good Hoſteſs let him alone now, I'll ſee thee paid upon the Word of a Prieſt; I'll be his Pledge for once, for out of Kindneſs to his Family, I intend very ſuddenly, by a Trick, to cure his Frenzy, and bring him Home again.

Hoſteſs.

Then happy's ſhe whoſe Face
Can win a Soldier's Grace,
They range about in State,
Like Gods diſpoſing Fate;
No Luxury in Peace,
Nor Pleaſure in Exceſs,
Can parallel the Joys the Martial Hero Crown,
When fluſh'd with Rage, and forc'd by Want, he ſtorms a wealthy Town.

Vincent. Ladies, the laſt great Honour now afford,
And arm the Champion with the Spurs and Sword.
Hoſteſs. Let this bright Spur, with prickly Rowels,
That wounds thy Courſer near the Bowels, [*Puting on the Spurs.*
Mind thee in thy Adventures thick,
How thou for Womens Rights ſhould kick.
So Fortune, thou bold Knightly Tony,
Send thee more Wit, and me more Money.
Maritor. About thy Loyns I gird this doughty Blade,
To fight thy Battels, and make Foes afraid;
Cudgel, and Cudgell'd be, be no Man's Debtor,
The more that ſtupid Pate is maul'd the better.
Thy Fate defends thee from the Pains of Killing,
Who has no Brains, is paſt all Senſe of Feeling.
Vincent. Then laſtly, with this Knightly Thwack, [*Draws the Sword and ſtrikes him.*
And theſe about thy Sides and Back.
I Dub thee for an Arms Profeſſor,
Champion for War, and Wrongs Redreſſor.
Once, twice, and thrice, now riſe with Grace,
The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face. [*Don Quixot Riſes.*

Don Q. Sir Conſtable, the Honour you have done me, devotes me to your Service during Life; ſhew me a Monſter, Giant, or Inchanter, tho' ne're ſo huge or terrible, that has wrong'd ye, and you ſhall ſee me make him do you Juſtice, and lay his Recreant Head beneath your Feet. And you great Princeſſes, and Illuſtrious Beauties, that this great Hour have done Don *Quixote* Honour, low at your Feet your Knight offers his Homage. My grateful Thanks likewiſe to you my Friends, by whom this Sword and Arm ſhall always be commanded. [*To* Perez *and* Nicho.

Perez. All Honour to the Son of Fame, and brighteſt Planet of Knight Errantry, *Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

Nicho. May his Heroick Deeds make *Amadis du Gaul* a Trifler.

Vincent. Don *Bellianis* of *Greece*, and *Felixmarte* of *Thriania* be Muſhrooms to the Pine of this tall Glory.

Don Q. Good my Lord, your Excellence too much honours me; and ſo does your fair Lady—of whom I muſt preſume to beg one Courteſie—

Hoſteſſe. The Word of a Prieſt, Thank'ee good Sir, I deſire no better Security for all the Wine in my Cellar.

Nicho. If there be any ſport in't, you are ſure of me Mr. Curate.

Perez. Oh, thou art to be my Chief Engine—but more of that another time; now let's to the Funeral, and if I can but find my Niece there.

Nicho. We'll Fuddle mine Hoſt to night in his own Caſtle, as *Don Quixote* calls it.

Vincent. Ah, wou'd I cou'd ſee that, my jolly Lads, I'de try your Forces i'faith.

Maritor. And did not I do my Speeches purely, Mr. Curate. ?

Perez. Ay, little *Maritornes*, that thou didſt, I aſſure thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Deep Grove.

Enter Dorothea *alone, Dreſs'd like a Shepherd in Mourning, and Crown'd with a Cypreſs Garland.*

Doroth. They come with Sighs, and as halfe dead with Sorrow,
Attend the Body of the wretched *Chryſoſtome*,
Whilſt I, that ſeem to mourn anothers Fate,
Diſſolve in real Tears, to know my own:
Poor *Dorothea*, Where are now the Comforts
That us'd to make thy Days Divinely happy?
Where now are Bleſſings from Indulgent Parents,
That us'd to ſmile upon thy Morning Duty,
Kiſs thy refreſhing Cheeks, lean on thy Boſom,
And in ſoft Rapture, invoke Heav'n to guard thee?
All gone, quite loſt, thou'rt now a Friendleſs Vagabond;
Undone by Love, and by a Man betraid,
For who could elſe undo an innocent Maid?
Forc'd in theſe Groves among the ſtranger Swains,
To waſte a woful Life,—Oh falſe *Fernando*!
But huſh —— no more, they come.—— [*Goes to meet 'em.*

Then Re-enter Dorothea *with* Ambroſio, *and other Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes Crown'd with Cypreſs; then the Body of* Chryſoſtome *follows on a Bier, Crown'd with a Wreath, and cover'd with Flowers; they march in Solemn Proceſſion round the Stage, then the Bier being ſet down in the midſt of it,* Ambroſio *ſpeaks.*

Ambros. Thus to the Grave the laſt retreat of Mortals,
Has ſad *Ambroſio* brought his deareſt Friend,
‘ Oh that he could revenge his hapleſs Death upon the cruel Tygreſs that
‘ has caus'd it, with what a pleaſure would I fly to execute; or could my
‘ Breath blow Plagues among the Sex, and only amongſt them, no Malething
‘ ſuffering, what Rapture ſhould I feel; but alas, I wiſh in vain, no
‘ Peſtilence can hurt 'em: One poiſonous Viper cannot hurt another: A
‘ Woman is the Plague, the hotteſt Plague, and where they harbor, breed
‘ Contagion round 'em.

‘ *Dorth.* To me I'm ſure a Man has been a greater, and bred more deſolation. [*Aſide*

Enter Don Quixote *and* Sancho.

‘ But good *Ambroſio*, was this fair Murdreſs throughly ſatisfy'd of your
‘ dead Friends Affection?

‘ *Ambr.* Too too well, there paſt no Minute on of ſtealing time, that he
‘ paſt unimploy'd to do her ſervice; he was a Man, the brighteſt of her
‘ Sex, if they could e'er conſider, would be proud of, an admirable Scholar,
‘ rare Muſician, Learn'd without Pride, and Valiant without Paſſion;
‘ The Elements were all ſo temper'd in him, that except Love, his Breaſt
‘ was ſtill and calm; no Guſt within to ruffle his rare Judgment, ſo knowing
‘ too, and yet withal ſo modeſt, that thô his Reaſon could inſtruct
‘ great Teachers, he never thought himſelf the Wiſer Man.

‘ 1 *Shep.* He was indeed the wonder of his time.

‘ *Ambros* Oh ye immortal Powers! How comes it then that all this
‘ Worth is thrown away on Woman? Woman, that as the Poet nobly
‘ tells us

Deceitful Woman, that will in time foreſtall,
The Devil, and be the Damning of us all.

[Don Quixote *comes up to* Ambroſio.

‘ 2 *Shep.* Bleſs us! What Romantick thing have we got here?

‘ 1 *Shep.* I know not, he looks like the Ghoſt of ſome Murder'd King
‘ in a Tragedy; Prethee obſerve the tother too that comes ſlowching after
‘ him, that muſt be ſome rare Fellow by his Look.

‘ 2 *Shep.* By the Maſs I admire him, I muſt go ſtare at 'em.

[*They ſtare at* Sancho, *and* Sancho *at them.*

‘ *Don Q.* I am, Sir, by profeſſion a Knight Errant, renown'd for Righting
‘ Wrongs; my Name's *Don Quixote*; otherwiſe call'd the *Knight of*
‘ *the Ill-Favour'd Face.*

‘ 1 *Shep.* Faith 'tis Ill-favour'd indeed, there you are in the right, in
‘ troth Sir Knight.

‘ *Sancho.* And you muſt know I am the Renowned *Sancho Panca*, this
‘ Renowned Knight's Renowned Squire, and, all in good time, am to be a
‘ Renowned Governor.
‘ *Don Q.* I have with wonder heard ſome part of your Diſcourſe, and
‘ therefore, as it is my Duty, make Requeſt to know if you are wrong'd.
‘ *Doroth.* Some Mad-man, ſure.
‘ *Ambroſ.* He looks no better, Sir Knight, who-e'er you are, if you'll
‘ have patience till we have perform'd the Funeral Ceremonies, I ſhall
‘ have time to anſwer, but till then ——
‘ *Don Q.* With all my heart, moſt Courteous Knight, and will aſſiſt
‘ my ſelf.

Enter Don Quixote, Perez, *and* Nicholas, Sancho.

Perez. He's got hither before us, I ſee.

Nicho. And I warrant they take him for ſome ſtrange Monſter, How they Stare and Grinn at *Sancho*?

Ambroſ. Perform the Dirge, and let all other Rites be done in ſolemn Order: And oh thou dear beſt pattern of true Friendſhip, accept this poor laſt Tribute from a Friend, whoſe Love to thee was boundleſs as thy Merit. [*Kiſſes* Chryſoſtome.

Here a Song is Sung by a young Shepherdeſs, then they all Dance a Solemn Dance, expreſſing deſpairing Love; then Ambroſio *and others, lay* Chryſoſtome *in the Grave; mean while a Dirge is Sung by a Shepherd and Shepherdeſs.*

SONG.

I.

Young Chryſoſtome *had Virtue, Senſe,*
Renown, and Manly Grace,
Yet all alas were no Defence,
Againſt Marcella's *Face.*
His Love that long had taken Root,
In Doubts cold Bed was laid,
Where She not warming it to Shoot,
The lovely Plant Decaid.

II.

Had coy Marcella *own'd a Soul,*
Halfe Beauteous as her Eyes;
Her Judgment had her Soul controul'd,
And taught her how to Prize:
But Providence that Form'd the Fair,
In ſuch a charming Skin,
Their outſide made their only Care,
And never look'd within.

DIRGE.

SLeep poor Youth, Sleep in Peace,
Reliev'd from Love and mortal Care;
Whilſt we that pine in Life's Diſeaſe,
Uncertain Bleſs'dleſſe happy are.
Couch'd in the dark and ſilent Grave,
No ills of Fate thou now canſt fear;
In vain wou'd Tyrant Pow'r enſlave,
Or ſcornful Beauty be ſevere.

Wars, that do fatal Storm diſperſe,
Far from thy happy Manſion keep;
Earthquakes that ſhake the Univerſe:
Can't Rock thee into ſounder ſleep.
With all the Charms of Peace poſſeſt,
Secure from Life's Torment or Pain.
Sleep and indulge thy-ſelf with Reſt,
Nor Dream thou e'er ſhalt riſe again.

CHORUS.

PAſt is thy fear of future Doubt,
The Sun is from the Dial gone,
The Sands are ſunk, the Glaſs is out,
The Folly of the Farce is done.

Ambroſ. Oh, I ſhall choak with a Revengeful Spleen, againſt that curſt She that robb'd me of this Jewel, each ſingle Ray of whoſe tranſparent Virtue, out-ſhin'd a Million of thoſe Counterfeits, thoſe dull falſe Pebbles, Women.

Doroth. My Unkle, as I live, how ſhall I ſhun him. [*Exit*

Perez. I'm ſure 'tis She, I know her by that Bluſh.

Nicho. Follow her cloſe, then the Game lies juſt before ye. [*Exeunt.*

Don Q. Sir, to me, there is no brighter Jewel than a Woman, and he that dares affirm my Peerleſs Miſtreſs ſweet *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, is a Pebble, is but a Turf himſelf, and holds his Soul at nothing.

1 *Shep.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, this is rare ſtuff.

Ambroſ. Some Officer ſure grown frantick.

2 *Shep.* The Squire-Governor too looks with the ſame Air, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sancho. What a Plague do theſe Frogs in green Liveries grin at? A Knight Errant to theſe Fools now, I warrant, is as ſtrange a Sight, as a *Rhinoceros*, hoh hoh, ha, ha, Laugh on, Laugh on, Boobys, there's ſome difference ſure between a Kite and a Piſmire; What a Pox, Earldoms are not got by keeping of Sheep — hoh, hoh, hoh, hah.

Enter Marcella.

Don Q. Hah, here's ſome wonderful Adventure, What beauteous Viſion's this.

Sancho. Oons, if this ſhould be ſome Empreſs or Queen now, and my Government at my Elbow before I'm aware.

Ambroſ. By Heaven 'tis She, the very Charming Devil, that has done all this miſchief.

Marcell. Great cauſe thou haſt to wonder, raſh *Ambroſio*, that I who from my Infancy Devoted to Solitude, have ſhunn'd all Human Converſe, ſhould now un-ask'd, expoſe my Perſon here; but know I do it to defend my Honour, againſt the poiſonous ſlander of vile Tongues, who render me the Cauſe of their un-reſt, and the late Death of thy ill-fated Friend.

Ambroſ. Oh! Tigreſs of more Cruel and Fell kind than ever yet in *Africk* Deſarts bred, canſt thou defend thy ſelf?

Marcel. Yes, and with Juſtice too, his Death was caus'd by his obſtinate Folly.

Ambroſ. Of loving thee too well. Oh barbarous Women, the Sacred Powers above, lent thy Beauty to give Delight, not Kill, tho' it had Power, yet you all fill'd with the old Serpents Primitive Miſchief, knowing that Power, ——
Convert it to our Ruin.

Marcell. Oh, ſilly Men, that knowing then our Miſchiefs, will yet turn Amorous Coxcombs to provoke us.

Ambroſ. Thou very Devil in an Angels ſhape, thou know'ſt it was the Fate of my dear Friend, he could not help his loving thee.

Marcel Why then, thou very Fool in thy own ſhape, the leſs my Obligation; who is oblig'd to one for any Courteſie, that cannot help the doing it.

Ambroſ. Yet doſt not pity him.

Marcel. Pity's the Child of Love; and I ne'er yet Lov'd any of your Sex, I might have ſome Compaſſion for his Death; but ſtill the Occaſion of it moves my Mirth.

Ambroſ. The Occaſion of it! why thou ſtrange Cruelty! art thou not th'Occaſion? Did he not die for thee?

Marcel. For me! No, certainly; Was he not a Man, one grounded too in Knowledge, a Philoſopher, dreſs'd in the Pride of all thoſe Glittering Arts that raiſe your Sex, you think ſo much above us? Poor Ignorant Women, I warrant he deſpis'd us in his Heart; Toys, Puppets, faſhion'd only for the Pleaſure, Mirth, and Convenience of Lordly Man; and could he die for Love? Fie! 'tis Impoſſible! Who ever knew a Wit do ſuch a thing?

Ambroſ. Triumphant Miſchief; Have you no Remorſe?

Marcel. I rather look on him as a good Actor; that Practiſing the Art of deep deceipt, as Whining, Sweating, Dying at your Feet,
Crack'd ſome Life Artery with an overſtrain,
And dy'd of ſome Male Miſchief in the Brain.

San. Ah plague, I find now this is no Queen; this Woman is too much a Tattler to be of any great Quality.

Don Qu. Peace Bottlehead.

' *Ambroſ.* Oh! that ſome Power would bleſs me with a Charm, to Plague
' thy Heart, as thou has Tortur'd his; that thou might'ſt feel the force
' of thoſe hot flames, that burnt the Life out of the Noble *Chryſoſtom.*

' *Marcel.* But ſince your words have no bewitching Arts,
' No Charm your Perſon, nor your Eyes no Darts.
' Happy *Marcella*, who no danger ſees,
' Untouch'd by Love does neither burn nor freeze.

Ambroſ. His Merit, tho' not mine, would Inſpire Love
In any generous Woman.

Marcel. That's as ſhe priz'd it,
Men will be vain, and value their own parts;
But 'tis our fancy that beſtows our Hearts.
Merit is what we Love, ſometimes a Fool
Outdoes the Philoſopher in a Womans School;
But if ſhe's wilful, and has no remorſe,
Believe me, Fool, 'twill be in vain to force.

Ambroſ. Heaven! Why did our Creation come by Women?
Can Mankind be no other way Increas'd.

Marcel. No other way; ſo ſet your heart at reſt.

Ambroſ. We doubt 'em, even whilſt in their Arms we lye
Proſpect of Cares we find, but none of Joy.

Marcel. Piſh —— Now I laugh at ye, you know you lie [*Smiling ſcornfully.*

Beauty, you as your greateſt bliſs purſue,
Feign what you can, nay, Fool we know it tho.
Fair is my Face, my Liberty my own,
I will accept no Love nor promiſe none:
Nor pity any would my Peace betray;
Tho' there ſhould die ten thouſand in a Day.

Ambroſ. Once to Revenge this Lover that lies Dead
Grant ye, immortal Powers, that I may Wed,
I'll quel the Pride of your Rebellious Race,
Form Woman new and make her know her place.

Marcel. Hear him ſweet Heaven, and let his Conſort be
Arm'd with another Soul like that in me.
A Soul that too fond Paſſion ne'er Confin'd,
But knows the Cheats of all his Coſining kind;
Your Rage, weak Sir, will ſlenderly prevail;
My Rule's Effectual, and it cannot fail:
Our eaſie Natures oft with Pride you vex;
But know that I was born to plague your Sex.
Form'd to Attract, and featur'd to Excel,
Beauty's a Charm 'gainſt which you want a Spell.
~~When Heaven conveys ſuch Influence to you,~~
Correct with awful Frowns and make me ſue;
But whilſt your Fate's ſubmitted to my ſway,
I know my Power, and Men ſhall Obey. [*Exit.*

Ambroſ. D'ee hear the Inſolent, Shepheards you, that were Friends to the brave *Chryſoſtom*? ds'Death, ſhall ſhe brave us thus? for ſhame run ſome of ye, and bring her back; let's make her have ſome ſenſe of her Barbarity, at leaſt. [*They offer to follow her, and Don* Quixote *draws and oppoſeth.*

Don Qu. Let no one dare to follow her on his Life; I find ſhe does but Juſtice to her Sex, that are too often much abus'd by ours, therefore as I profeſs my ſelf Knight-Errant, 'tis fit that I protect her.

2 Shep. You protect her, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Don Qu. Knights, I will do't, and more then that againſt ye all.

San. That he will, frogs, and againſt a hundred more of ye for all your Grinning.

1 Shep Oons what do the *Bedlams* mean; Come Friends, let's bind 'em, and put 'em into the Dark, the Fools are Diſtracted.

Don Qu. I'll try how ſound your Senſes are, Sir *Dogbolt.*

Fight here, and Don Quixote *and* Sancho *beat 'em all off,*
then Re-enter Don Quixote *and* Sancho, *ſtrutting.*

San. There's for your Grinning, Rogues, I think I am even with ye now;

now ; woons ! what a fine thing fighting is, when a Man is ſure of having the better of it ? And what a delicate difference there is between a *Toledo* Blade, and a Sheephook ? But come, Sir, let's get away for fear they Rally, 'sbud I think I behav'd my ſelf bravely.

Don Qu. Why troth, if thou couldſt but keep thy Eyes open a little better, thou might'ſt in time come to do ſomething : But a plague on thee, thou fight'ſt as a Crab Crawls, backwards, for Inſtead of giving one of 'em a ſide long thump Juſt now, if I had not ſtep'd quick aſide thou hadſt ſtrook my Knighthood o'er the Pate ? But however, thou mean'ſt well, I dare ſwear, and I believe fight'ſt as well as thou can'ſt.

And he's no braver that ſubdues an Hoſt,
Then he is that ſtands ſtill and keeps his Poſt.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Inn.*

Enter Perez *and* Dorothea.

Doroth. AH, Sir, I beg ye for my Mother's ſake, or if you ever lov'd poor *Dorothea*, when with her Pratling Infant Innocence, and ſpringing Beauty in it's early bloſſom, ſhe us'd to pleaſe, by both I do Conjure ye, let me not ſee my Father.

Perez. Truſt to me; You muſt to your paſt crime add a greater, by Hateful Diſobedience.

Doroth. Oh! I ſhall dye with ſhame; Alas! I left him alone unfriended, warp'd with Age and Sorrow! That good Old Man! That kind Indulgent Father, I ſhall never dare, forlorn as now, to meet his Eyes again! Barbarous *Fernando*, that Falſe Cruel Tyrant, pleas'd with the ſpoils of my dear Virgin Honour, has Raviſh'd that bleſt ſight for ever from me.

Perez. Had you no Contract from this falſe *Fernando*.

Doroth. In Vows and Oaths a thouſand; I was too Artleſs to deſire him more: 'Heavens! 'He would ſwear till he was black in the Face; 'Diſſemble ſix long hours by the Clock; and when he Vow'd the truth 'of his Affection, the Poteſtations came ſo faſt and thick, ſo ſeirce withall and Eager in Expreſſing, that I've been fain to let him kiſs and breath 'for fear the thronging Lies ſhould ſuffocate him.

Perez. Yet after all this to pretend to marry *Lucinda*; Nay, forge a falſe Letter from her, to her betroath'd Love *Cardenio*, implying ſhe had deſerted him; and then ſacrilegiouſly ſteal her from a Nunnery, to which ſhe fled for Sanctuary, is ſuch a ſtain to his Nobility as wants Example; and rather than not have Juſtice done thee, Girl, I reſolve the Court ſhall know it.

Doroth. To marry *Luſcinday* there's the dart that ſtung me! Oh, let all Virgins by my Fate take Warning, and never more believe that faithleſs Sex.

Perez. Come, no more Tears; a Cauſe ſo Juſt as thine can never want an Advocate.

Doroth. 'Twas that Heart-breaking News that ſtabb'd me moſt; ſo that forgetting Father, Sex, and Honour, in this diſguiſe I was reſolv'd to ſeek him, and either Cauſe him to perform his Vows, or Die in the purſuite of my deſire.

Enter Nicholas.

‘*Perez.* The Lady *Luſcinda* ſhall be inſtantly inform'd of his Treachery ‘and what Intereſt I can make againſt him thou art aſſur'd of: Come let's ‘about it——How now, thy Face ſeems to have ſome ſurprize in't. Is ‘there any News ſtirring? [[redacted]

‘*Nicho.* Yes, and ſome that will ſurprize you, indeed, or I'm miſtaken; As I was ſtanding at my Poſt without, to give you the better oportunity of Diſcourſe, who ſhould I ſee below at the Inn door, but Don ‘*Fernando*, and in the Habit of a Nun, a Lady with him.

‘*Perez.* Strange Fortune, art thou ſure 'twas he?

Doroth. Oh Heaven, how my Heart throbs?

Nicho. I ſaw his Face, and alſo gueſs the Lady, to be the Fair *Luſcinda*, ‘there's ſome ſtrange difference between 'em, for by her Actions ſhe ‘ſeem'd much diſſatisfy'd, hark, they are coming up this way, ſtep but ‘into the next Room you may diſcover more.

‘*Perez.* Do ſo, good Niece, and let's obſerve 'em, then when thou ‘ſeeſt thy opportunity——appear and charge him boldly, I'll not be far off.

Doroth. Nay, I will ſpeak to him, tho' Death attends it. [*Exeunt*

Enter Fernando, *and* Luſcinda, *in the Habit of a Nun.*

‘*Luſcin.* Is there no end of your Impiety, have Nunnery Walls, ſtrong Gates, nor Iron Bars, nay, nor the Deity Ador'd within, to whom I ‘fled for help in my diſtreſs, not power enough to hinder one Man's wickedneſs? you Sacred Powers, Have you forgot your Juſtice? that you ‘ſend none to ſuccor poor *Luſcinda.*

‘*Fernand.* The Powers you ſpeak of, Madam, that knew what's better for ye, than you did for your ſelf, you ſee aſſiſted me in my deſign.

‘*Luſcind.* Oh Impious Wretch, dare you think Heaven aſſiſting in ‘wicked Actions? No, 'twas the Aid of Hell, in ſome curſt Minute, ‘when all good Angels ſlept, or elſe ſtood Neuter.

‘*Fernand.* Hell, Madam, what has Hell to do in Love Affairs? the ‘Devil is Foe profeſs'd to Amity, no, my ſole Aid, was my own proſperous Genius, Courage t'attempt, and fortune to ſucceed, this gave me ‘power to ſcale your Nunnery Walls, and recompenſe my Love with ‘ſpoils of Beauty.

‘*Luſcind.* Have you no Conſcience, you are of Noble Blood, and in ‘your Veins ſhould run a ſtream of Virtue, that ſhould diſtribute Juſtice ‘through your Soul; *Cardenio* was your Friend, my betroth'd Husband, ‘and in ſevering us, you do not only fix a foul ſtain upon your Houſes ‘Honour, but violate the Laws of all Humanity.

‘*Fernand.* Why then let that moſt great and ſtrong Omnipotence, that to my Fames Confuſion, makes my Love, anſwer for all my Crimes. I love *Luſcinda*, and 'tis in vain to tell me the miſchiefs I have done, I know 'em all, I know I have been Treacherous to *Cardenio*, Falſe to my Friend, but 'twas for Love of thee, I own I forg'd a Letter in thy Name, which cauſ'd his ſad Diſtraction, and Ruine, but thou wert ſtill the cauſe; nay, more than thy Beauty, made me a Traitor to an innocent Virgin; forget my Vows, break all my Oaths and Promiſes, and leave her Pregnant, with Heart-breaking Sorrows, and Love's dear Load, the Trophy of my Conqueſt, to follow ſtill my headlong Fate and Thee.

Luſcind. Oh Heaven, and can you own all this without a Bluſh, a ſcarlet Bluſh, to ſtain your Cheeks for ever.

‘*Fernand.* Why ſhould I deny it, I ſtill have too much Honour to diſſemble, I've told this Truth only to let thee ſee, the power of thy Attractions and my Love, think what the Man would do for thee, when his, that could do all theſe mighty Ills to get thee; if thou wouldſt have me virtuous, do but Love me, the Miracle is wrought, for 'tis a Sacred Verity, what Sins ſoe're Love drives me to commit, thou art the certain cauſe, And ſince I know the ſcruple, which the Prieſts call Honourable, Affects you Women, more than Love or Fortune; take there my Hand, aud be this hour my Wife, I vow it moſt Religiouſly.

‘*Luſcind.* No, kill me rather, and wed me to the Grave, I'll dye a thouſand deaths, rather than falſifie one Sacred Vow, or the leaſt Particle of plighted Faith to my beloved *Cardenio.*

‘*Fernand.* Keep then that Faith for him, give me but the Reward, that my Deſire and Services deſerve, and I'll be ſatisfied.

‘*Luſcind.* Vile wretch, Would you diſhonour me?

‘*Fernand.* Not I by Heaven, your ſtubborn obſtinacy and faulty noiſe, theſe may perhaps diſhonour ye, not I, I'll be as ſecret as the Virgins Bluſh, that with a Roſie Tincture paints her Cheeks, when trembling ſhe conſents.

‘*Luſcind.* You will not force me, raſh as you are, young and ungovernable, you dare not be ſo baſe.

‘*Fernand.* Oh thou needſt not fear it, thou wilt be kind, and give me no occaſion; I muſt confeſs, it is not with my liking to Cater for my Love as Satyrs do, Beauty's moſt ſweet to me that's won with Patience, Heart-burnings, Dangers, Plottings, and Contrivances; I'll wait on thee, and watch thee into yielding, tire thee with Sighs, and mould thee ſoft with Kiſſes, dreſs the dear Banquet with induſtrious skill, that I may hereafter feed with greater pleaſure.

,*Luſcind.* Come, come my Lord, let Reaſon take its place, and let theſe flowing Tears quench your hot Blood; remember who you are, what I am too, then you muſt do me Juſtice.

‘*Fern.* And you muſt do it me, remember who thou art, I do moſt ſenſibly, thou art mine by a double Right, by your Fathers conſent Firſt, and next by Stratagem: you'll urge, perhaps you were betroth'd t'another, fled to a Nunnery to perform your Vow, and I that forc'd you from it, act ſtrange Sacrilege: but I, ſweet Creature, am not of that opinion: Are thoſe dear Eyes that warm all Hearts—with Paſſion, that lovely Face and Body, fit for a Nunnery? Fie, Sweet, 'tis Contradiction to the intent of Providence, that gave thee Beauty to Delight and Love; A Nunnery Air in two days time would kill thee, make thy plump Youth lean as Anatomy, and Prayer would waſte thee into a Conſumption.

‘*Luſcind.* Ah! never think to move me with your Fallacies, I'm fix'd as Fate.

‘*Fernand.* 'Twas Sacriledge to Love, not to have freed thee, and Treaſon to my Self had not I Lov'd; as for the failure to my Friend, 'tis trivial, when Beauty Charms, Friendſhip avails but little, and I may think, had the occaſion offer'd, *Cardenio* would have done the ſame to me.

‘*Luſcind.* Oh no, he was too good, too true a Friend, ſee me, my Lord, thus Proſtrate at your Feet; if ever Pity Lodg'd within your Boſom, If Human Nature, or the Senſe of Honour, have not quite left your Soul, and the Brute enter'd, by all the Sacred Powers I do implore ye to deſiſt from your bad purpoſe, for be aſſur'd, I never will conſent.

Luſcinda *Kneels and Weeps.*

‘*Fernand.* What ſuddain ſhock was that? a Bolt of Ice, methought ſhot through my Heart: I'm cold, as if an Ague Fit had ſeiz'd me: hah, What am I doing? What lovely Tears are thoſe? I find I'm but a ſqueamiſh Whoremaſter, I am not harden'd enough to go through with't,——Ah! that ſparkling Glance has ſhot new Fire agen into my Soul, and I would dwell upon this Breaſt for ever; Oh thou Great God of Love, that Rul'ſt our Paſſions, Command'ſt our Wills to baffle Reaſon, Honour, Virtue, Religion, Fame, and all Morality, influence her Boſome with thy hotteſt Flame, and let her feel thy Power.

Enter Dorothea.

‘*Doroth.* I am come.

‘*Fernand.* Hah,——What art thou?

‘*Doroth.* I am what yon call'd for Love, or if you pleaſe to have me uſe another Nomination, to expreſs all tender Attributes of Paſſion, in Sorrows, Sighs and Tears; I'm *Dorothea.*

‘*Fernand. Dorothea*, by Heaven 'tis ſhe dropt out o'th' Clouds, I think.

‘*Luſcind.* A very Angel, ſure, ſent to relieve me.

‘ *Doroth.* I am a Meſſenger from him you invok’d, who gives you ſtrict Commands to obey his Laws; and in a more eſpecial manner, Conſtancy for breach of that his dreadful Vengeance, puniſhes much more than all the reſt; this I am come to tell ye.

Fernand. You are come very opportunely indeed, you have nick’d the time, that I muſt needs ſay.

‘ *Doroth.* Oh my dear Lord! the Joy I have to ſee ye, exceeds my Sorrow to have heard what’s paſt, for I have heard it all.

‘ *Fernand.* Why then you have heard enough in Conſcience, a Plague of my hot Head, that could not conſider the inconvenience of a damn’d Inn, when a Love Intrigue was going forward —— ſo then I know I muſt expect your hatred.

‘ *Doroth.* Oh Heaven! my Hatred, what for a ſmall frailty, a ſlight forgetfulneſs, which all young Men have Naturally, when their Loves are abſent, to remedy which, and to prevent ſuch danger in this Diſguiſe, through Groves and Plains I’ve ſought ye, leſt Parents, Kindred, Friends, and all the World to follow my dear Lord.

‘ *Fernand.* And now you have found me, ſhall I beg one Favour.

‘ *Doroth.* You may Command my Life.

‘ *Fernand.* ’Tis this then —— to leave me inſtantly.

‘ *Doroth.* Ah, that’s not in my power till I am dead, I’m bound by Oath, as you are, to the contrary, but that I e’er can hate ye, is impoſſible; no, no, my Lord, what would make other Women Loath and Deſert, has no effect on me; what tho’ I ſee you cling to that young Beauty, doat on her Looks, and languiſh for her Favours, it moves not me, I know too well my Power; I am as Fair as She, as young, as Charming, Form’d for the Pleaſure of my Deareſt Lord; Bleſt too with Virtue, Conſtancy, and Duty equal to her, or any of my Sex, and when he pleaſes, he’l return to me, in the mean time, I will not grudge the Kiſſes he gives others, but Love him for my own.

Luſcind. You ſhall have ſmall occaſion, Madam, to grutch me.

Doroth. I know it, Madam, for you are Wiſe as Fair, and know to take anothers Right’s Injurious, this is my Lord, my Dear, my betroth’d Husband.

‘ *Fernand.* So, now all’s out, I never was ſo tric’kd in all my life, I know not what to ſay to her.

‘ *Doroth.* Madam, I hope you will not think me Rude, if I deſire a little Privacy, I have a thouſand Paſſionate things to ſay, fit for no Ear but his.

‘ *Luſcind.* With all my Soul.

[—— *Is going, and he ſtops her:*

‘*Fern.* Oh! I muſt beg your Pardon, the Jeſt muſt not go ſo far neither.

‘*Doroth.* Nay, let her go, my Lord, am not I here, the happy She that you were once fond of, What can you ſeek from her, I cannot give you? Remember, oh remember the dear Hours, when with tranſporting Paſſion you have ſued for ſuch an opportunity, when every Viſitant was irkſome as a Feavor, each flying Minute tedious, and too long, and all your Prayers and Wiſhes were Addreſs'd, to invoke Night, that we might be alone, and can I now be troubleſome?

‘*Fernand.* 'Ds'death, I ſhall ne'er hold out, I find I'm ſoftning, her pretty Pleading Eyes, and Charming Tongue melt me I know not how.

‘*Luſcind.* Bleſt Accident, there's pity in his Look, ſhe wins upon him. [*Aſide.*

‘*Doroth.* Madam, My Lord has thought on't now, and you may retire, if you pleaſe.

‘*Fernand.* Art thou reſolv'd to ruine thy ſelf, dareſt thou provoke my Anger.

‘*Doroth.* Not by my Will, Heaven knows, I'de loſe my Life to pleaſe ye.

Fernand. Too Credulous Fool, How couldſt thou believe I would affront my Quality, by mixing with thy Lowneſs.

‘*Doroth.* I was not baſely Born, beſides, could boaſt a Noble value in my Face and Virtue, which made Don *Fernand* think me worthy of him, and raiſe me to his Love, which while Life laſts I will preſerve for ever.

‘*Fernand.* Why wilt thou add to thy Miſery, by Obſtinacy, poor Creature, I ſhall kill thee.

‘*Doroth.* Why then, no harmleſs Dove, or tender Infant, will ever dye ſo patient: death I long have Courted, and ſhould you ſtab my too fond Heart this Inſtant, you ſhould perceive me ſmile to meet the blow; make me your Slave, put round my Neck a Chain, wear my poor Arms with Fetters to the Bone, torture this Body where your Image lies with Cruelties unpractiſed, and what's worſe then all, before my Face, Act Kindneſs to another.

You are my Fate, which ſtill I muſt purſue,
To ſhew the World what conſtant Love can do.

‘*Fern.* And might I chuſe a Wife 'mongſt you bright Hoſt of Radiant Angels, thee I'de prefer before 'em; [*Runs and Embraces her.* Oh thou dear Charmer, thou haſt once more won me, cur'd my dull Sight, and made me ſee my Folly, ſhot thy Perfections to my Heart, ſo ſtrongly, they ſhall live there for ever.

‘*Doroth.* Oh killing Joy.

‘ ***Luſind.*** Ay, now my Lord I honour ye, this was a noble conqueſt ‘ o're your Paſſions.

‘ *Fern.* Ah Madam, 'tis with Shame I bend my Knee to beg your Pardon for my Brutal Folly, I was Inchanted, Mad.

‘ *Luſcind.* Not more my Lord, you have it.

‘ *Fern.* Heaven, what a thing is Man when Reaſon leaves him, ‘ but I'll retreive my Fame by my new Services, I'll ſeek *Cardenio* out, ‘ heal his Loveſick Frenzy, and fraught with Joys preſent him to your ‘ Arms.

‘ *Doroth.* Sure without ſome allay, my Heart can't bear theſe Tranſports ‘ of true pleaſure.

‘ *Fern.* By Heaven, my Breaſt is ſo overcharged with Joy, there is no ‘ room for thought; call all below, there I'll have a thouſand Witneſſes ‘ of my new Contract and repeated Vows.

‘ *Doroth* My Uncle *Perez* that with diligent care found me among the ‘ Shepherds, is within, and waits with Impatience, I know, my coming out.

‘ *Fern.* That good Man then ſhall joyn our Hands this Inſtant faſt, ‘ faſt, for ever, lead the way *Luſcinda*, whilſt *I* and my unvalued ‘ Bleſſings follow. Oh my beſt Life! how could I talk of killing thee, ‘ thou tendereſt ſweeteſt good, but with Love's Balm.

‘ I'll heal the hurt my rude Expreſſions gave,
‘ I was thy Tyrant, but am now thy Slave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Mountains and Rocks at the end of the Deep Grove.

Enter a Barber with a Baſon on's Head, and carrying Triming Inſtruments, followed by Don Quixot, *and* Sancho *mounted at diſtance*

Barber Sings. With my Strings of ſmall Wire —— *&c.* Odsdiggers. —— This was a rare Contrivance to keep me from the Rain, the Shower would have pepper'd me elſe Faith.

Don Qu. Stand, Inſolent Knight, and yield that precious Helmet or thou Dyeſt.

Barber. Helmet, Oh Lord, what d'you mean Sir, what Helmet?

Don Qu. That which thou beareſt Wretch, the Golden Helmet of *Mambrino.*

Barber. Mambrino, ds'heart Sir, I know no ſuch Man, I am a Barber Sir, and going to Trim a Gentleman in the next Town here, I never uſe a Helmet, this is nothing but a Baſon, Sir.

Don Qu. Hah, dareſt thou diſpute, prepare then for the Combat. [*goes to thurſt at him.*

Barber. Help, Murder, Murder, ds'heartliking's, is the Devil in the Man. [*Runs off and lets the Baſon fall and* Don Quixot *takes it up.*

Sancho. Hey day, what a Plague are ye doing now, Zoons! will ye Rob the poor Barber.

Don. Qu. What Barber, Jolthead? doſt not ſee the Treaſure I am Maſter of, for which I've watch'd ſo many Nights and Days, and oft reſolv'd to loſe my Life or purchaſe, this is the pretious Helmet of *Mambrino*, Raſcal, which I have got as the ſpoils of Victory, from the Renown'd Knight of the three Roſes.

Sancho. From the Knight of the three Razors, you have indeed.

Don Qu. Is it not rare? doſt not admire the Workmanſhip?

Sancho. Why, troth Sir, the Baſon I muſt needs ſay is as clever a Baſon as a Man would deſire to be Lather'd in, but as for any great Workmanſhip that *I* ſee in the Baſon.

Don. Qu. Baſon, what Baſon Sott, I tell thee 'tis a Helmet.

Sancho. A Helmet, ha, ha, ha, ha, what is this a Helmet?

Don Qu. A famous one, and made of Spaniſh Gold, in value worth a Province, only there wants a Beaver.

Sancho. Only you want Brains rather, ſay, ha, ha, ha, ha. And ſo this Helmet you ſay is all Gold, ſo, is it?

Don Qu. Of Pureſt Gold, by art too made *I*mpenetrable.

Sancho. Ha, ha, ha, ha, very good, why then *I* know where the Wind ſits, but of little medling comes great Eaſe, let not the fault of the Aſs be laid upon the Pack-Saddle, every Herring muſt hang by its own Gills, and he that hears much, and ſpeaks not at all, is welcome both in Bower and Hall, and he that———

Don Qu. And he that has the Tayl and Cloven Feet, take thee for a Blockhead, art thou ſtringing thy Proverbs again, And a Pox take thee, without Head or Tail to 'em, look out there, *Dolt*, and ſee who's coming, if my Eyes dazzle not, here's an Adventure will give occaſion to employ this Helmet.

Sancho. Pray Heaven we meet no more Carriers, my Bones ake ſtill with the laſt Combatt of Honour, but *I* think if my Eyes inform right, here's no great fear of a Quarrel, theſe People are all bound to the peace already.

Enter Palameque, Quartrezzo, Lope, Ruiz, Martinez, Tenorio, *and* Gines de Paſſamonte, *Chain'd as Galley Slaves, with two Officers and other Soldiers Guarding them.*

Don Qu. Bleſs me, what Scene of Cruelty is this, doſt thou obſerve how they have Chain'd and Bound theſe honeſt People.

Sancho. Honeſt People, what a Plague are ye Blind again, Zoons! don't you ſee that theſe are Rogues, Condemn'd for ſome Notorious Crimes, and forc'd by the King to ſerve in the Galleys.

Don Qu. Force, *Sancho*, the King can force no Body, *I* muſt examine this.

Sancho. Nay, if you come to examining once, here's like to be fine Work.

1 *Officer. Pedro*, go before to the Inn, at the bottom of the Hill yonder, and bring hither ſome Wine and a Manchet, that we may refreſh a little, the heat of the Day and the Duſt have almoſt Choak'd me [*Ex Pedro.* come you Sir Thief, of more then common mark, what [*To Gines.*] are you employing your ſelf about? what are you gnawing of your Chain, hah?

Gines. Gnawing it, why d'e make an Oſtrich of me? d'e think I can digeſt Iron? Confound the World, you know well enough I ſuppoſe the ſtrength of the Necklace I wear here, or you would not be ſo Ruſty; I ſhould teach you another manner of Speech if my Ten Pickers were at liberty: But come, 'tis well enough, there's no more to be ſaid.

1. *Offic*. Sirrah, hold your Tongue, and leave ſwelling, leaſt I make St. *Andrew*'s Croſs upon your Pate.

Don Q. By this Man's Inhumanity, *Sancho*, I do perceive theſe Wretches have great need of my aſſiſtance, therefore I have ſome thoughts to free 'em.

Sancho. The Devil you will.

Don Q. It falls out fitly for my Knightly Function to ſuccour the Diſtreſſed; therefore no more of your Proverbial Fooleries. I tell thee I'll make them free as Air.

Sancho. O Lord, O Lord! Why, pray, Sir, conſider a little, you are going to free theſe Rogues from the Gallies, and the Holy Brotherhood will ſend us thither in their places; oh that ever I was born! Oons, conſider, Good Sir, conſider what you are doing.

Don Q. Thou fouleſt Inſect, can'ſt thou fear the Brotherhood, when I am by thee; follow me, I ſay, and Courageouſly too, or by the Star of my hopes, my faireſt *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, I'll ſpit thee like a Frog.

Sancho. Oh what will become of me; 'sheart, I ſhall have that grim Fellow's Sword in my Guts within this two Minutes.

Don Q. Captain, as a Knight-Errant, on whoſe ſacred Office depends the Laws of executing Juſtice, and conſequently to be well Informed in the Caſe of the Afflicted, I requeſt to know the reaſon why theſe Men are carried thus; for, if my Judgment has inform'd me right, 'tis much againſt their Wills.

1. *Offic*. Againſt their Wills, Sir, why troth, I think there need no great diſpute to be made of that; I ſuppoſe, there are few Malefactors ſo very ſtout-hearted to go to the Gallies with their own conſent.

Don Q. Generous Sir, your Anſwer is Ingenious, and I beſeech you therefore, give me leave to add a little to this Obligation, and know from you, before you paſs on further, the nature of their ſeveral Crimes.

Sancho. So, he's got into his Examinations, and the Devil can't hinder him.

1. *Offic*. The Nature of their Crimes, ha, ha, ha, [*viewing Don Q.* what has he got on his Head there, a Baſon? who the Devil is this Scare-Crow, I wonder? a Man would take him for one of the Knights of the Round-Table, if 'twere not for his Brazen Head-Piece there [*aſide*.] The nature of their Crimes, ha, ha, ha, ha, why faith, Sir Knight, or Sir Errant, or what you pleaſe to call your ſelf,

I'm not at leiſure to give you a ſix hours Information of their ſeveral Affairs; but if you think fit to take a brief Relation from themſelves there they are, I ſhall have patience till my Comrade comes, and ſo your Servant, good Knight of the Baſon; ha, ha, ha.

Don Q. Captain, your Courteſie obliges me. Well Friend, [*To* Palam. what adverſe Planet, or odd turn of Fortune has made thee wear that Collar, hah.

Palam. Love, Sir.

Don Q. Love, Can there be ſuch Barbarity in Nature to Chain the Brave, and make 'em Slaves, for Loving: Heavens, I my ſelf had bin long ſince in th' Gallies, if Love had bin a Crime that could Condemn me: No, no, dear Brother, ſet thy Heart at reſt, whilſt there's a Lover's Arm, and Conqu'ring Sword to ſtrike in thy defence, for this thou ſhalt not ſuffer. [*Embracing the Slave.*

Palam. Ay, but good Sir, your patience, my Love was not the ſort that you conjecture, for you muſt know, Sir, I was in Love with a parcel of Gold Plate, and that ſo deſperately, that hugging on't too cloſely had not the Commiſſary took me napping, I believe we had joined Affections till this hour.

Sancho. Look'e, Sir, the Lover there has open'd his Caſe very plainly, *He that handles a Thorn ſhall prick his Fingers*; your dear Brother has told ye he's no better than a Thief, in few words.

Don Q. The Function diſcovers Wit in't however, Blockhead. And Hiſtory tells us, ſome have made themſelves great by't, the Wiſe *Lacedæmonians* had none but Thieves in their Privy-Council; but let that paſs now. My young Stripling, what ſay you to th' matter? how came you ſtrung here? what brought your Neck to th' Yoke? [*To* Lope Ruez.

Lope. The King's Evil, Sir.

Don Q. How ſo, Can the Law puniſh thee for a Diſeaſe.

Lope. No, no, Sir, want of Money and ill Friends, that's the Evil I mean.

Don Q. Gad thou'rt in the right, Brother, that's a King's-Evil indeed.

Sancho. So, that's his Brother too, he'll pick up a World of Relations amongſt theſe honeſt People.

Lope. My fault was nothing, only a ſlip o'th' Tongue, a little Perjury or ſo, but having no Money, and a damn'd Covetous Lawyer, that would let no Man Swear falſly but himſelf, I could not get it off, ſo was ſent hither.

Don Q. 'Twas hard, troth Brother, but come, to the next in Order, what ſays your thoughtful Neighbour here, what's he in for? [*To* Quartrezzo.

Quart. Why, for a few hot words the Law call'd Treaſon, I hate the Government, and I ſpoke my Mind.

Don. Q. There's a brave Fellow for ye now!

Sancho. Oh! a very brave Fellow indeed! — damn'd Rogue, I warrant the Gallows groans for him. [*Aſide.*

1 *Officer.* His Brother, there too, has the ſelf-ſame Kidney; there are not two ſuch Traitors in all *Spain.*

Don Q. Gad, a mettled Fellow that too, I warrant him, and who knows but ſome Villainous Lye of ſome Court Pimp or other has brought him into this condition. Gad, I have ſeen many a Prieſt that has not had ſo honeſt a look.

Sancho. Nay he's an extream honeſt Perſon without doubt—— OhLord, now do I begin to tremble.

Don. Q. But come to the Text: What ſays my old Friend here? What unkind Star? What ſtrange malevolence brings that grey Beard to this calamity? Thy Aſpect does ſeem wiſe, and I ſhould gueſs thy Occupation has been Noble too.

Tenorio. It has, Sir, and moſt Ancient: I have bin now this Fifty years a Bawd, but that brought me not here, Sir; 'Twas fooliſh curioſity to know Simples, dealing in Herbs, Wax, Crooked Pins, and Needles, which the vulgar ſaid they found in Sheep and Children; this brought me hither. To be plain, Sir, I am hamper'd now for Witchcraft.

Sancho. Oh! A ſmall matter, a thing of nothing.

Don Q. For Witchcraft, *Umph!* 'Twas there then the Devil ow'd thee an ill turn: Thy Bawding Trade was honourable enough; great Miniſters and Court-Matrons have bin Bawds; the Occupation is of ancient ſtanding. But now to th' laſt; here is, methinks, a Fellow that has a written Volume in his Face of Actions wonderful, chain'd more too than the reſt: The Reaſon, Captain?

1 *Officer.* The Reaſon: Why, the Reaſon is, becauſe that's the very Devil of a Fellow; his Name is *Gines de Paſſamonte,* a moſt notorious Villain, that has done more Miſchief alone than all the reſt have; and, beſides, ſo plaguy ſtrong, that we are not ſure he's faſt enough, for all he's chain'd ſo.

Don. Q. 'Faith he's a fine Perſon to look on, his Face and Whiskers wou'd become Knight-Errantry extreamly; pray look up, Sir, and as the reſt have done; be pleaſed to tell me how the Gallies chance to be honour'd with your Company.

Gines. Oh, Sir, for that your humble Servant; 'tis no new thing to me, they have bin honour'd with that before now, Sir; I know how the Water and Bucket will agree with my hot Stomach.

Don. Q. What! for ſome Duel of Honour, I warrant; ſome Governors proud Nephew kill'd by thy Noble Hand.

Gines. No, no, Sir, my Hand was imploy'd another way; I was condemn'd for ſeven Years the firſt time, for raviſhing my Siſter: Confound the World; I lik'd her, and there's an end on't.

Sancho. Oh! there's another very honeſt Fellow too.

Gines. And now I'm going thither for Robbing a Church: I had occaſion for the Plate and Ornaments, to raiſe ſome Money to buy my Whore a Petticoat; and, juſt as I had got 'em, the Devil ſent the

Prieſt to ſtop me; but I ſoon gagg'd and hamſtring'd that poor Fool, fought through the Town, and, had not a whole Troop of Dragoons, that were by chance a Muſt'ring, fall'n upon me, I and my Purchaſe had bin now at liberty.

Sancho. Very good: Did you never hear of a thing call'd Conſcience, pray Friend?

Gines. Conſcience! What's that, the Itch? I had it when I was a Boy, I remember.

Sancho. O Lord, Conſcience the Itch! — here's a damn'd Son of a Whore for ye. ——[*Aſide.*] And ſo then I warrant, honeſt *Gines*, you wou'd fleece me too upon occaſion, were you looſe, and I had a good Booty?

Gines. No, no; thou look'ſt too much like a Thief thy ſelf, thou ſhould'ſt paſs free; we always ſpare one another.

Don Q. Ha, ha, ha, ha, there's for you, Bufflle; by the Honour of Knighthood thou deſerv'ſt thy Freedom, if 'twere but for that Jeſt— Give me thy Hand.

Gines. I have uſe for them; but there's my Foot at your Service. [*Kicks him.*

Don Q. Oh, I cry thee Mercy, I ſee thou art manacled— but prithee don't be angry, Friend; hark ye, what wou'dſt ſay now if I ſhou'd give thee Liberty?

Gines. Nothing.

Don Q. Why ſo?

Gines. Becauſe an impoſſibility offer'd by a Fool, deſerves no anſwer from a wiſe Man.

Sancho. Ha, ha, ha, ha, there I think, Sir, your Brother *Gines* was even with you too.

Don Q. That thou ſhalt ſee preſently, and whether to our Profeſſion any thing is impoſſible. Sir Captain, I have with Care examin'd all your Priſoners, and find tho' there are ſeveral heinous Faults committed, for which the Law ſhou'd puniſh 'em, yet the main Stroke of Juſtice belongs to Heaven; to Heaven's Vengeance therefore let us leave 'em. And, ſince I am by Oath bound to relieve 'em, as Wretches and diſtreſſed, let me intreat you, as a Reſpect to me, to give 'em Liberty.

1 *Officer.* Liberty! what a Plague, would you have me ſet the King's Priſoners at Liberty? 'Oons, who would be mad then? No, no, good Sir *Errant*, march on your way, and ſettle your Baſon right there — Free the King's Priſoners! that were a good one 'faith.

Don Q. Your Pate ſhall want a Baſon, Captain *Scoundrel.* [*Knocks him down and diſarms him.*] Run, *Sancho*, and help *Gines*; now, peerleſs *Dulcinea*, aid thy Knight; unfetter *Gines*, dear *Sancho.*

Sancho. Now can't I deny him for the Soul of me, tho' Heaven knows what Miſchief will come on't.

Here Sancho *trips up another's Heels, then unfetters* Gines, *then they all releaſe one another, then they ſtrip the Captain, who runs off: Then enter ſecond* Officer *with Wine*; Gines *ſiezes it, ſtrips him, throws all the reſt down on one another, and beats 'em.*

2. *Offic.* Oh, the Devil! what's here to do! Treaſon, Treaſon; Murder, Murder.

Don Q. Now let the World declare, whether Knight-Errantry is not the Nobleſt of all Sciences! [*Strut s about.*

Sancho. Or, whether Noble Squires of Knights-Errants ought not to be Earls and Governours of Iſlands! [*Struts about.*

Omnes. Huzza, Liberty, Liberty: Thanks to the Noble Knight-Errant, Liberty, Liberty, Huzza.

Gines. Thanks to our Noble and Valiant Redeemer; here's to his Health; and, Brothers, let's entertain him with a Song. Confound the World. Dear Redeemer, we are no more Rogues than the reſt of Mankind; all the World are Rogues, and deſerve the Galleys as much as we. Come ſing the Song to that purpoſe, Brother.

SONG.

WHen the World firſt knew Creation,
A Rogue was a top Profeſſion;
When there were no more in all Nature but Four,
There were two of them in Tranſgreſſion,
And the Seeds are no leſs,
Since that you may gueſs,
But have in all Ages been growing apace;
There's Lying and Thieving,
Craft, Pride, and Deceiving,
Rage, Murder and Roaring,
Rape, Inceſt and Whoring,
Branch out from one Stock, the rank Vices in Vogue,
And make all Mankind one Gygantical Rogue.

View all humane Generation,
You'll find in every Station,
Lean Vertue decays, whilſt Intereſt ſways,
Th'ill Genias of the Nation.
All are Rogues in degrees,
The Lawyer for Fees,
The Courtier Le Cringe, *and the Alderman ſqueeze;*

The Canter, the Toper,
The Church-Interloper,
[illegible] Punk, and the Practice of Piety Groper;
But of all, he that fails our true [illegible] maintain,
And deſerts the Cauſe Royal [illegible]

He that firſt to mend the [illegible]
Made Laws to bind our Nature,
Shou'd have found a way,
To make Wills obey;
And have Model'd new the Creature,
For the Savage in Man,
From Original ran,
And in ſpight of Confinement now Reigns as he began:
Here's Preaching and Praying, and Reaſon diſplaying,
Yet Brother with Brother, is Killing and Slaying;
Then blame not the Rogue that free Sence does enjoy,
Then falls like a Log, and believes — he ſhall lie.

Don Q. I do acknowledge, Sirs, your Muſical Courteſie, and am well pleas'd to ſee your Gratitude; yet one thing more I muſt enjoin, without which the reſt appears as nothing.

Gines. Any thing: Confound the World; dear Redeemer, command any thing.

Don Q. 'Tis this; That you all, loaden with that Chain from which I now have freed ye, go inſtantly to the great City of *Toboſo*, and there, before my Miſtreſs, *Dulcinea*, preſent your ſelves, letting her know, her Beauties Slave, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, has ſent you to her to enquire her Health.

Palam. *Toboſo.*

Quart. *Dulcinea!*

Mart. Enquire her Health!

Gines. And how far is this *Toboſo* off, good Sir?

Sancho. Not above a Thouſand Leagues; not very far; 'tis a very pretty Meſſage truly.

Gines Confound the World, d'e know what you ſay, Sir, to deſire us to go a Thouſand Leagues? 'Oons, we muſt hide our ſelves in the Mountains here by, for fear of being taken; we muſt ſhun all Roads and Cities.

Don Q. How's that? Dare you diſobey my Commands, Raſcal?

Gines. Raſcal! Keep good Words in your Mouth. D'e hear Friend, we are no Sheep.

Sancho. Good Sir, come away whilſt you are well; that deviliſh *Gines* has Miſchief in's Heart, I ſee by's Looks.

Lope. We can't go to *Toboſo*, not we, that's in ſhort, Knight.

Gines. No, Knight, we'll go to no *Toboſo*; if you have a Wench, there, and any News for her, you may ſend it by your Booby there; we thank ye for your Kindneſs.———

Don Q. But——— [illegible] ke thee g[illegible]y ſelf; and like a Cur too [illegible] Legs.——Fall on, *Sancho*, let's chaſtiſe [illegible]

Sancho. [illegible] hat will become of us now?

Here Don Q [illegible] *upon 'em; they run to a heap of Stones, and knock both him and* Sancho *down, and beat 'em.*

Palam. Come, Sirs, the Coaſt is clear, now let's away.

Gines. Follow me, Boys, I'll carry ye where ye may ſculk ſecurely,
To a plump Doxy here hard by of mine
Shall cheer your Hearts with Kiſſes and good Wine. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Mountain of* Sierra Morena *continues.*

Don Quixote *and* Sancho *appear lying along on the Ground.*

Don. Q. Sancho.

Sancho. Umph.——— [*Groans.*

Don Q. Son *Sancho*, Art thou aſleep?

Sancho. Oh, yes, upon a Down-Bed, the Governour lies, as you ſee here, ſtretch'd at his Eaſe, thanks to your moſt Invincible Arm, only with ſome Two or Three Hundred Bruiſes of State upon his Bones. I have got my Earldom, and a load of Honour now, or elſe the Devil's in't.

Don Q. Look'e, *Sancho*, I have often told thee, theſe Succeſſes of Chivalry cannot always be of one Degree or Value; ſo that tho' naturally, as it may happen, that a Kingdom or a Continent may drop into a Knight-Errant's Mouth, and an Earldom or a Province into his Squire's; ſo ſometimes too they may chance to meet with Carriers Packſtaves, Giants like Windmills, Thumps with Stones, and the like; nor are they to grumble or repine at the variety of Accidents, becauſe they are liable to our Profeſſion.

Sancho. Profeſſion! 'Oons, yours is the Devil of a Profeſſion, beſides all your Accidents, I mean your ill ones (for good I deſpair of) are, a plague on't, all of your own making. Would any one with an Ounce of Brains, after he had miraculouſly done ſuch an Exploit, have pretended to force thoſe rude Rogues to go a Thouſand Leagues off, upon a ſleeveleſs Errand to the Devil, to *Toboſo*?——I know not where. Ah.

Don Q. Very well, *Sancho*, talk on, talk on, the ſmarting of thy Bones I do perceive has made thee ſharp and witty. [San. *grins at him.*

Sanch. Come, come, Sir, Brabling Curs never want ſore Ears: 'Tis but an ill Proceſſion where the Devil carries the Candle: He that ſpeaks does ſow, and he that holds his Tongue may reap. I think I pay dear enough for't if I do talk.

Don Q. I confeſs thou haſt Reaſon, as I have, to reſent it; but who could expect ſuch Ingratitude after ſo good a Turn?

Sancho. Who? 'Woons! Who could expect otherwiſe from ſuch honeſt People? Han't you heard often enough the old Proverb, *Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he ſhall be the firſt to hang ye?*——Ah, plague of your Brethren, your Brother *Gines* of *Paſſamonti*, the Devil paſs him, 'has made me black and blue on my left Side here: But let it go, the Governour will be wiſer one day.

Don Q. If a deſponding Puppy were fit to make a Governour of, I ſay that for thee, *Sancho*, thou wouldſt make a rare one: But come, I'll not anger thee now, becauſe I know thou art in pain; prithee come hither, and ſee how many Cheek-Teeth and others they have beaten out here, for it ſeems to me that my Mouth is quite empty.

Sancho. Ay, there's ſome other part of your Head empty too beſides your Mouth, if I am not miſtaken: But come, let's ſee, O monſtrous! here's ſix Grinders wanting on one [*Peeps in's mouth.* ſide: Oh unfortunate and deplorable State of Knights-Errant! that wander over Mountains and Valleys, committing Omicils and Slaughters, not heeding the Sun, the Moon, nor the 'Clipſes, or the wild Campaigne, tho' never ſo Eſtill for the reward of broken Teeth and Bruiſes.

Don Q. Oh Profanation to all Learning and Sciences! Omicils, 'Clipſes, Campaigne, and Eſtill, for Homicides, Eclipſes, Champion and Sterril! Be dumb, thou Earth-worm, or ſpeak in thy own Stile, on pain of Annihilation. A plague on thee, thou confounded Prevaricator of Language. [Cardenio *Sings within.*

Sancho. Why then, in my own Stile, for you know well enough that I'm no Schollard, I believe here's another Adventure coming, and I hope 'twill end better than the laſt, becauſe it begins Muſically.

Don Q. Ha! who have we here?

{Cardenio *enters in Ragged Cloaths, and in a wild Poſture ſings a Song. Then Exit.*

SONG

SONG.

Let the dreadful Engines of eternal will,
The Thunder roar, and crooked Lightning kill;
My Rage is hot, as theirs, as fatal too,
And dares as horrid execution do.
Or let the Frozen North its rancour ſhow,
Within my Breaſt far greater Tempeſts grow;
Deſpair's more cold than all the Winds can blow.

Can nothing, nothing warm me?
Yes, Lucinda*'s Eyes;*
There Etna, *there, there* Veſuvio *lies,*
To furniſh Hell with flames,
That mounting reach the Skies.

Ye Pow'rs, I did but uſe her Name,
And ſee how all all the Meteors flame,
Blew Lightning flaſhes round the Court of Sol,
And now the Globe more fiercely burns
Than once at Phaeton*'s fall:*

Ah! where are now thoſe Flow'ry Groves,
Where Zephir*'s fragrant Winds did play?*
Where guarded by a Troop of Loves,
the fair Lucinda *ſleeping lay;*
There Sung the Nightingale and Lark,
around us all was ſweet and gay;
We ne'er grew ſad till it grew dark,
nor nothing fear'd but ſhort'ning day.

Glow, I glow, but 'tis with hate,
Why muſt I burn for this ingrate?
Cool, cool it then, and rail,
Since nothing will prevail.
When a Woman Love pretends, 'tis but till ſhe gains her ends,
And for better, and for worſe, is for Marrow of the Purſe,
Where ſhe 'Jilts you o'er and o'er, proves a Slattern *or a Whore.*

This hour will teize and vex,
And will Cuckold ye the next:
They were all contriv'd in ſpight,
To torment us, not delight,
But to ſcold, and ſcratch and bite,
And not one of them proves right,
But all are Witches by this light:
And ſo I fairly bid'em, and the World Good-night.

Don Q. By the Matter delivered in this Song, I perceive this poor Gentleman's diſtreſs was occaſioned by Love; therefore 'tis fit I follow and relieve him.

Sancho. You relieve him! 'Sbud, why, don't you ſee the Man's Mad; how the Devil can you relieve him, unleſs you could give him Phyſick? Pray, Sir, hold your ſelf contented; you may be a good Knight-Errant, but for a Brain-curer, the Lord have mercy upon ye.

Don Q. Thou art a Clod, *Sancho*, and haſt not Soul enough to fathom the depth of my Underſtanding; but know, thou Lump unform'd, that our Profeſſion extends to aid the Mind, as well as Body; were he as Mad as *Ajax*, or that ſtout Peer of *France*, *Orlando Furioſo*, with one hours Conference, I'd make him ſpout Politicks, with a Secretary of State, Law with a Judge at the Aſſizes, and Theology with a Convocation of Biſhops, therefore follow me, and ſaddle *Roſinante* immediately, for I intend to overtake him, and then thou ſhalt ſee this done in an inſtant. [*Exit* Don Quix.

Sancho. I ſhall ſee my ſelf well thraſh'd agen, I believe, and ſo 'tis likely will end the Adventure of the Madman; but hang't, the Devil is not always at one door, *He that is in is half way over*, there's no help for't now, I muſt follow him, tho' my Government come at laſt to be no better than to govern a Herd of Cattel; Well, *He that blows in the Duſt will make himſelf Blind*; and *If it were not for hope, the Heart would break*, there's Three Proverbs left yet to comfort me. [*Exit after him.*

Enter Don Fernando, Lucinda *dreſs'd like a Nun*, Dorothea *in her Shepherdeſs Cloaths, with* Perez *and* Nicholas.

Doroth. Can you then be ſo good? Do I not dream that you have repented of your late unkindneſs, and now reſolve to own poor *Dorothea*.

Don Fern. The Reſolution is as firm as Fate; thou'rt now my own for ever.

Lucind. Bleſt Accent! And now, my Lord, I honour ye: This was a noble Conqueſt o'er your Paſſions.

Perez. 'Tis Great and Worthy, like himſelf.

Don Fern. Ah! Madam, 'tis with ſhame I bend my Knee to beg your pardon for my Brutal Folly: But I'll retrieve my Credit by my new Service, in preſenting to your Arms the wrong'd *Cardenio*.

Lucind. All Honour and Happineſs attend your Lordſhip; and pray Heaven we may find him quickly: Oh how I long to give that Heart a Remedy that loſt its Peace for me!

Perez. He cannot be far off; for, as the Shepherds have directed us, yonder's the Rock wherein he ſleeps by Night, and where 'tis likely we may find him.

Nichol. And did they ſay *Don Quixote* was here too?

Perez. Both he and *Sancho*: Therefore, my Lord, if you are reſolv'd to further the Contrivance I lately told ye of, and do an Act of Charity, by getting the poor Lunatick Gentleman home to his Houſe, this is the Place and Juncture.

Don Fern. Moſt willingly, and will make one my ſelf: For the Scene well Acted, muſt needs create Diverſion. Come, my ſweet Love, you muſt have your part too.

Perez. Oh! my Lord, ſhe is to be the Principal Actreſs, and we have a Dreſs ready for her: She's to Perſonate the Princeſs *Micomicona*, Queen of the geat Kingdom of *Micomicon* in *Æthiopia*; who being depos'd and driven from thence by a monſtrous Giant called *Pandafilando of the dusky ſight*, comes ſome three thouſand Leagues to th' fam'd *Don Quixote* to redreſs her Wrongs and re-inſtate her: This Plot will doubtleſs draw the frantick Fool from theſe wild Deſarts, and we ſhall ſhare the Mirth.

Doroth. Let's about it preſently: And for your Princeſs, let me alone to divert my deareſt Lord here; you ſhall ſee me Act it like any Player.

Don Fern. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I ſhall die with Laughing.——I'll be ſome Don to Uſher in your Majeſty.

Nichol. And I'll be your old Squire to introduce your coming: I have the Tail of mine Hosk Mare to make me a Beard ſhall reach to my Knees.

Don Fern. 'Twill be rare Sport; my Servants ſhall all be diſguis'd too for the buſineſs: Come, Madam, pray be Merry with us, all will be well; I warrant ye, we ſhall ſoon find your Love *Cardenio*, and cure him of his Frenzy: I have already ſent for a Doctor, and given order what to do: And, Madam, doubt not but you ſhall meet with Joy.

Lucin. Heaven grant we may; let me but ſee *Cardenio* once more mine; I'll envy not the reſt of the World's Pleaſures. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Quixote, Cardenio, *and* Sancho.

Carden. You much amaze me, Sir, in this wild Deſart; a place that only ſuits the Miſerable, where People Civilized never inhabit, to meet ſuch Courteſie as yours.

Don Q. Sir, Humanity is one of the beſt Rules of my Profeſſion; and I ſhall be highly pleas'd, if my good fortune [*Salute here.* has led me to be any way a means, that may contribute to your Satisfaction.

Carden. Your Perſon I am wholly a ſtranger to, and cannot but admire, why in this Country, ſo bleſt with Peace, you practiſe Arts of War, and Travel thus in Armour: But perhaps there is a ſecret in't not proper for my knowledge; I'll therefore ſtint my Curioſity, and beg you, if you know where there is any thing to drink, to give a little to aſſwage my Thirſt, for in this ſlender interval of Sence, I can make uſe on't ; but if my Fit ſhould take me, as at uncertain times it often does, all Charity were loſt.

Don Q. Run *Sancho* and ſearch the Wallet, there is, I think, ſome Wine, bring it hither preſently. [Sancho *ſtares at* Cardenio.

Sancho. Why, here's another of the Starving too ; a Knight-Errant, I warrant him, by his Tatters : What a devouring meagre look he has ! 'Sbud, he makes me hungry at the very ſight of him. [*Exit.*

Carden. And now to ſatisfie your Curioſity, Sir, of knowing what I am, and how I came thus wretched, I will relate my Story, but with this Condition, that you will promiſe me upon your Honour, during the time of telling, not to Interrupt me, nor by a Queſtion or Contradiction ſtop me, for if you ſhould, my Accident of Madneſs would return, and I ſhould then do things Extravagant.

Re-enter Sancho *with Wine.*

Don Q. Oh ! fear not, Sir, you ſhall find me more attentive : Come, fill a Cup, *Sancho* :—Here, Sir, here's to your better Fortune. [*Drinks.*

Carden. May yours be happy, Sir, with perpetual Bleſſings, whatever becomes of me.

Sancho. Why then, by my Governourſhip, I believe this plaguy Devil my Maſter can Conjure in good earneſt ; to my thinking the Madman talks as wiſely as any Biſhop of 'em all already. [Cardenio *drinks, they ſit down.*

Don Q. Now pray begin, Sir, I am ſilent as a Dormouſe ; ſit down *Sancho.*

Carden. Know then, good Sir, my Name's *Cardenio*, a Gentleman of *Arragon*, well deſcended, who from my Childhood to my riper Years, liv'd with a Credit and Content unparallell'd, till Love, that fatal bane to humane happineſs, ſubdued my ſenſes to bewitching Beauty, and forc'd my Soul to doat upon *Lucinda*, a noble Virgin of unmatch'd perfection.

Don Q. Hum, hum, hum. {Don Quixote *makes ſigns of applauding his Story without ſpeaking.*

Sancho. Come, Sir, Sorrow's dry, and before you go any further, here's your Lady *Sindys* health. [*Drinks and fills to* Cardenio.

Don Q. Peace, Blockhead ; or if you muſt be Mannerly, with a pox t'ye—do it by Signs as I do. [Don Q. *ſeems to threaten* Sancho.

Carden. Take heed, good Friend ; pray remember the Conditions. Sir, I lov'd her, and was lov'd with that Succeſs, nothing was wanting but the happy Day, to crown our Wiſhes, which was at laſt appointed.

Don Q. Hum, hum, hum. [*Makes Signs.*

Carden. And becauſe Love's beſt Guard is Secrecy, I truſted my Affair only to one, the Son of a Grandee, his Name *Fernando*, my Youth's Companion, and, as I thought, my Friend: him I entruſted with my deareſt Treaſure, and in his Honour thought my ſelf ſecure.

Don Q. Hum, hum, hum.

Sancho. Hey, hoe, hum. [*Drinks.*

Carden. But ah, let none depend on th' Hearts Sincerity, becauſe the Face ſeems honeſt; for ſome few Days after, *Lucinda* having a great Wit and Genius, and one that ſtill delighted much in Reading, I ſent to her by my falſe Friend, *Fernando*, a fooliſh Book of Chivalry, call'd *Amadus du Gaul*; not that ſhe valu'd it for the Contents, for ſhe had Sence to know 'twas all ridiculous, the Exploits of the Knights-Errant, all Romantick, and their whole Volumes fill'd with lying Fables. But——

Sancho. But! A plague on your Buts, ——You have done your Buſineſs: Gad'zooks, here will be Murder preſently, my Maſter will tear out the Soul of him, if he ſpeaks a Word more againſt Knights-Errant. [Don Qu. *ſtarts. and ſtares.*

Carden. But that before, we had a rallying Argument upon a modern Madman, call'd *Don Quixote*, a ſtrange whimſical Monſter, in which I affirm'd, That the Bright, Renowned, and Peerleſs *Dulcinea*, fam'd Miſtreſs of that fooliſh frantick Ideot, had once a Baſtard by her Apothecary. [Don. Q *frowns.* [Don Q. *riſes ſuddenly* Sancho *trembles.*

Don Q. Oh Fire, and Furies! Oh ſhame to Arms and Honour.

Sancho, Nay then, the Storm comes with a Vengeance: fire, fire; murder, murder.

Don Q. Am I a Knight, and hear this helliſh Slander.——Awake, *Don Quixote*, thou ſleep'ſt, awake I ſay——Hark'e, doſt hear me? Madman, Fool, or Devil, if thou hereafter dareſt but move thy Lips againſt ſweet *Dulcinea*, or but ſo much as name that curſed Pothecary with Peerleſs *Dulcinea*, or think of any of his Tools, or Implements—*Storax*, or *Savine*, get thee each Day a Heart, for I will be as cruel in the tearing it, as is that abhorr'd Tongue, that ſlanderous Viper, in poyſoning the Fame of Radiant *Dulcinea*.— [*Here* Card. *throws the Wine in's Face ſuddenly.*

Sancho. So, there's the firſt Gun, the Broad-ſide's coming, here will be deviliſh work between the Two Madmen preſently.

Carden. The Rack's a fooliſh Torture, *Phallaris* Bull, or the Iron Wheel of witty *Dionyſius*, that were proper for him——Hah! What art thou! the Traitor *Fernando!* And thou art his Catamite, his Pimp, art thou? [Carden *falls into his mad Fit.* [*To* Sancho.

Sancho. Not I, Sir; I'm none of his Pimp not I. Would I were a Mouſe for Two Minutes, ſo I had but e'er a Hole to creep into.

Carden. Oh, that I now had Thirty Rows of Teeth, or were an Eagle with an Hundred pair of Claws, that I might tear and eat this Traitor, Traitor. [*Falls upon* Don Q. *and* Sancho, *throws 'em down, beats and kicks 'em, and then* Ex.

Don Q. Oh, *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, pardon my Negligence, I beſeech thee; I had forgot to invoke thy Influence when firſt I roſe this Morning, and ſee what comes on't:——is the Madman gone, *Sancho.*

Sancho. Yes, yes, and wonderfully recovered; you have been as good as your Word, you have cur'd him to a Miracle. Whether he can ſpout *Politicks* like a Stateſman, or Law like a Judge, I know not; but he can kick and cuff like a Devil, that I'm ſure of. [*Weeps.*

Don Q. A Plague of his mad Pate, the fit was a little too far gone upon him.

Sancho. A Plague of Radiant *Dulcinea*, I ſay, would the *'Pothecary* had poyſon'd her; or would her Nurſe—*had drown'd* her—in her Cradle—with a Water of her own making——rather than my *Bones* had been concern'd about her, or her *Baſtard* either.—But come, *better late than never*, I'm reſolv'd now to retire in time from this Highway to Battoons and Bruiſes, and viſit my Wife and Children agen, whilſt I can make ſhift to crawl to 'em; for to that Scantity of Travelling my Squireſhip has brought me. [Sancho *ſpeaks ſobbing.*

Don Q. Wilt thou then leave me, *Sancho?*

Sancho. Leave ye? ay, and 'tis high time, I think, Sir: 'Tis an old Saying, *The Ant had Wings to do her hurt:* Farewell Knight-Errantry i'faith; And to begin to get rid on't, there Sir——there's the dudgeon Dagger you gave me, the Ruſt upon't has kept it warm and quiet; Beſides I never ſhew'd it the Sun to tan it, not I: There's the Murrion too, that did Service at the Siege of *Golletta*; this Jerkin likewiſe, that has defyed all Weathers; pray give 'em your next Squire, together with ſome hard Cruſts here to keep his Teeth going, leaſt he forget to uſe 'em: Theſe, I think, are the main part of my Equipage, and ſo part fair.

Don Q. 'Tis very well.

Sancho. As for the Government of the Iſland you promiſed me, e'en let that hang a drying a little, for ſome more able Earl than I to manage, for I'm ſatisfied now, *That the Hen lays as well upon one Egg as upon many*; and *ſeveral come for Wool that return ſhorn*; *ſo much thou'rt worth as thou haſt, and ſo much thou haſt as thou'rt worth.* I know you don't like my Proverbs, but now 'tis as broad as long, *Better Play a Card too much than too little*; *a good Pay-maſter needs no Surety:* And my Grannum us'd to ſay, *The Leggs carry the Belly, and not the Belly the Leggs*; and there's an end on't.

Don Q. Oh Pox! Nay go on, go on, thread 'em, ſtring 'em, away with 'em, take thy Belly full of Proverbs at parting however, but remember this when I am an Emperour, Dogbolt

Sancho. An Emperour, ah! Gad ſave your hot head, you had better go home along with me, and look to your Ploughmen.

Don Q. 'Tis very well, Clodpole.

Enter Nicholas, *diſguiſed with a long White Beard.*

Nicho. Know thou moſt doughty and renown'd Knight-Errant, that I am call'd the Squire of the White-Beard, Servant to the mighty Princeſs *Micomicona*, Queen of the great Kingdom of *Micomicon* in *Æthiopia*, who, by the Fame of thy moſt noble Deeds, has Travel'd from her Country to this Place, to beg a Boon of thee; and now, behind yon Buſh ſhe ſtands on foot, and begs admittance to thy Lordly Preſence. [*Bowing.*

Don Q. Friend, go and tell the Queen, *Don Quixote*'s at her Service, and will attend her here—hum, hum, [*looking ſcornfully on* Sancho.

Sancho. How's this? A great Queen come from her Country to beg a Boon of him; 'sbud, if this Squire of the Beard ſhould ſpeak Truth now, I have made a fine buſineſs on't. Zookers, here ſhe comes as fair as a Church Saint, as bright as a Cherubin; 'sdheartlikins, I ne'er ſaw ſuch a Creature in my Life.

Enter Don Fernando *leading* Dorothea *as the Princeſs* Micomicona, *with a Retinue of Servants Dreſt after the* Mooriſh *Faſhion.* [*She Kneels.*

Don. Q. By the Honour of Knighthood, Madam, 'tis too much, your Greatneſs muſt not kneel to your unworthy Servant; nay, I beſeech your Majeſty.

Doroth. Thrice Valiant Knight, thou flower of Chivalry, Soul of true Lovers, and quinteſſence of Courteſie, I've ſworn to live for ever in this Poſture, and make my bended Knees one piece with the Earth, unleſs you grant me the Requeſt I come for.

Don Q. Madam, I'll do't whate'er it be, therefore pray riſe, let me but know what Miſcreant has wrong'd ye, this powerful Arm ſhall Thunder in your Quarrel more ſwift than the hot Bolts that ſplit the Clouds.

Don Fern. I ſee, moſt Renowned Sir, loud Fame has done you Juſtice in ſounding through the World your Courteſie.

Doroth. Aſſur'd of this, I now may riſe with Comfort. [*Riſes.*

Enter Perez.

Perez. All Honour to the blazing Comet of Knight-Errantry, the Roſe and Tulip of Fame and Fortitude, my Noble Country-man *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Report of this great Queen's coming being ſpread already through our Neighbourhood, ſo far increas'd my Joy and Wonder, that I could not contain my ſelf from ſeeking you out, and being an Eye-witneſs.

Sancho. Ay 'tis ſo, I am utterly undone, a moſt miſerable Rogue; ſtay, is there no way to Rigg my ſelf without his taking notice.
[Sancho *ſteals on his things again.*

Don Q. I am glad to ſee your Reverence well, good Mr. *Curate*, and would entertain ye longer, but that I thirſt to receive the Queen's Commands.

Perez. The Trick takes rarely I ſee. [*Aſide.*

Don Fern. As we could wiſh, but how thrives our Affair, have my Servants found *Cardenio*.

Perez. Juſt as I came hither, as he was lying faſt aſleep under a Cork-Tree, he was very unruly at firſt, he being overpower'd by Numbers, they ſoon bound him, and carried him to the Inn you order'd.

Don Fern. And has *Lucinda* ſeen him.

Perez. Not yet, I have advis'd the contrary, till he has taken the Medicine the Doctor order'd, and ſlept upon't.

Don Fern. 'Tis well; in the morning I my ſelf will be his Doctor; at preſent let's mind the Game on foot.

Dorth. To be brief then, brave Sir: In *Æthiopia*, where the Sun ſheds his ſwarthy Influence, making my Natives all of Sable hew, as I had bin, had not the skill in Charms of my kind Father, wiſe *Finacrio*, hindred it in thoſe Dominions: You muſt know, I'm call'd—I'm call'd—Moſt Generous Knight:—I ſay I'm call'd—O Heavens! the memory of my Griefs hinders my very Speech! What, am I call'd quickly, 'dſlife I've forgot? [*To* Perez *aſide.*

Perez. The Princeſs *Micomicona!*

Doroth. I'm call'd, the Princeſs *Micomicona*, ſo nam'd from the Kingdom of *Micomicon*, late left me by my Father.

Sancho. How Proud he looks already? There's ſome great Honour coming to him, I ſee't in's Face:—O Dog, Dog *Sancho*! don't you deſerve to be Hang'd? [*aſide.*

Doroth. The good old King knew by his Skill in Magick, what would befall me after he was dead, how *Pandafilando of the Dusky Sight*, a horrid Brutal and miſ-ſhapen Giant, ſhould treat of Marriage with me, which refus'd, ſhould then make War, and drive me from my Kingdom, to relieve me from which diſtreſs, he told me at his death that I muſt travel into *Spain*, where I ſhould happily meet with a Knight-Errant, the honour of his Country, and that Order, the Valour of whoſe Arms ſhould kill the Giant, and preſently reſtore me to my Kingdom; which Knight muſt be your ſelf, to whom (my Father has commanded me) after the Giant's Death, if you think fitting, to give my ſelf in Marriage, and make you Monarch of *Micomicon*.

Don Q. Oh Madam, your Father was too gracious, —— what think you now, Hog-grubber, is Knight Errantry worth chawing, hah? —— Which had I better do now, be an Emperor, or go home and mind the Ploughmen, umph, Jolthead? [*To* Sancho.

Sancho. Ah, dear Sir, conſider no man is born wiſe; a Biſhop is no more than another Man without Grace, and good Breeding. Alaſs, I confeſs my ſelf a Booby, Sir, a fearful Scoundrel: There's my Head, I beſeech ye, Sir, break it acroſs, or if you pleaſe to honour me with a Dozen or two of Kicks, Sir, I ſhall think my ſelf highly obliged, ſo you diſſwade your anger, and forgive me.

Nicho. Her Majeſty I hope remembers likewiſe that the wiſe King to reward my Fidelity when this good Knight had ſlain *Pandafilando*, gave charge to make her Suit to him, that I might be an Earl or Governour of ſome Iſland.

Sancho. You an Earl! hark'e Friend, *Slow Fire makes ſweet Malt. There may be more than one Egg in a Hen-Rooſt. If you meddle with my Mouth I ſhall ſnap at your Fingers*; d'e ſee, therefore look to your ſelf; what a Plague, all is not got by wearing of long Beards.

Don Q. No, no, Friend, you know you muſt go viſit your Wife and Children.

Sancho. Ah Sir, if you mention that, you ſlay me,—— you flea me alive. Alaſs, Sir, I dare as well hang my ſelf as go home without my Government; my Wife, and the young Cockatrice my Daughter, now I have put this plaguy Counteſs-ſhip into her Head, will worry me if I fail her.

Don Q. Well, Vermin, for ſome good ſervice paſt, in conſideration too of ſome late Drubbings, I will once more take thee into Grace; but if again I catch thee Grumbling, thou art no more my Squire; there are others would be Earls too, you ſee, *Sancho*.

Sancho. What, that dry old Kex? 'Gad I'd have throtled him with his own Whiskers if he had ſaid Three Words more.— But come, 'tis well enough now; and ſince we are reconcil'd, as ſoon as ever you marry that delicate fine Queen there,——my Iſland will be within an Inch of me in a twinckling.

Nicho. I ſhall laugh out. I'm not able to hold. [*Aſide.*

Perez. Was ever Fool ſo tranſported! [*Aſide.*

Fern. Huſh; look Grave; his Maſter turns this way. [*Aſide.*

Doroth. You have rais'd me from the loweſt Vale of Sorrow, to the higheſt Mountain, Sir, of Humane Happineſs: I'm all Air methinks. Let Muſick ſound there; and let my menial Slaves begin a Dance to entertain this wonder of Knight-Errantry. [*Dance here.*

Sancho. This will I make my Black Subjects do every Morning to divert me.—— I'll ſing a Song that was made at *Tereſa*'s and my Wedding, that her Majeſty may know my Parts.

[Sancho *Sings a Song, and then Dances ridiculouſly.*

SONG.

'TWas early one Morning, the Cock had juſt crow'd;
Sing hey ding, hoe ding, langtridown derry;
My Holyday Cloathes on, and Face newly mow'd,
With a hey down, hoe down, drink up your brown Berry.
The Sky was all painted, no Scarlet ſo Red,
For the Sun was juſt then getting out of his Bed,
When Tereſa *and I went to Church to be ſped,*
With a hey ding, hoe ding, ſhall I come to Wooe thee;
Hey ding, hoe ding, will ye buckle to me,
Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding derry, derry, derry ding, ding,
ding, ding, ding, hey langtudown derry.

II.

Her Face was as fair as if't had been in Print;
Sing hey ding, &c.
And her ſmall Ferret Eyes did lovingly Squint,
With a hey down, &c.
Yet her Mouth had been damag'd with Comfits and Plumbs,
And her Teeth that were uſeleſs for biting her Thumbs,
Had late, like ill Tenants, forſaken her Gums,
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

III.

But when Night came on, and we both were a Bed;
Sing hey ding, &c.
Such ſtrange things were done, there's no more to be ſaid;
With a hey down, &c.
Next Morning her Head ran of mending her Gown;
And mine was plagu'd, how to pay Piper a Crown,
And ſo we roſe up, the ſame Fools we lay down,
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

Doroth. This is unexpected.

Don Q. My Squire, Madam,—— honeſt and truſty, but no great Head-piece.

Doroth. He has performed to a miracle, and I reſolve to do him grace. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Sancho. Now ſpawn of old Father Time, let me ſee your Beard do as much.

Nicho. Her Majeſty values me more for my Head than my Heels, Skip-Jack.

Don Fern. Madam, you muſt needs have heard of the Renowned *Sancho Panca*; his Fame ſounds almoſt as loudly as *Don Quixote*'s; this is the famous Squire, Madam,

Th

That by his Maſter's ſide defies Battoons and Clubs,
Whoſe Back and Sides, both Black and Blue now, wear the
honour'd Drubs.

Sancho. That I do by my Faith, Madam; which, if your Majeſty will give me leave to ſtrip, you ſhall ſee if you pleaſe.

Doroth. I know him now, he's juſt the very Perſon my Father once deſcribed, who I alſo remember was ſorry for a Misfortune which he knew by his Art had happen'd to him, which is, that *Sancho*'s married, to whom I elſe had been obliged to give one of my Maids of Honour.

Sancho. Why then, the Devil take all Ill Luck; now I ſee that old Saw is true that ſays, *Every Man once in his Life will find a minute to curſe his Marriage.* If I had not bin yoak'd now to my Blouze at home, a Pox take her, I might have had a *May* Lady, a *Virga tacta*, with a Head as gawdy as a Tulip, and a ſhape as ſlender: 'Odzookes, I've no patience to think on't; I'll go and hire ſome Rat-Catcher to anoint the Cups and Diſhes at home: Who the Devil would loſe Preferment for the ſake of Two-Penny-worth of Ratsbane?

Perez. In troth, my good Friend and Neighbour, honeſt *Sancho*, I am Sorry to hear this; for as I remember, 'twas my luck to give *Tereſa* and you the Bleſſing.

Sancho. A Plague on your Bleſſing; I perceive I ſhall have occaſion to wiſh you hang'd for your Bleſſing—Good finiſher of Fornication, good Conjunction Copulative.

Nicho. The profane Wretch defame's the Holy Ordinance of Marriage, and ought to be preſented to the Inquiſition.

Perez. Speak reverently of our Function, *Sancho*, or I'll Excommunicate you the Church.

Sancho. I care not; I ſhould loſe nothing by it if you ſhould, but my Nap in an Afternoon.

Doroth. Is your Valour, Sir, at leiſure to begin the Journey towards the Giant?

Don Q. Madam, I am. *Sancho*, a word with thee. I've bin conſidering on this Adventure, and muſt confeſs, tho' I may be an Emperor, my Head runs more on Honours Eccleſiaſtical; a Pope, methinks, or Cardinal; I'm for ſome grave and ſolid Dignity that tends towards Religion.

Sancho. Religion! Oh Gadzooks, Sir, never mind it; take care of being Prieſt-ridden, good Sir, whatever you do, unleſs you have a mind to loſe all your Dominions aſſoon as you come to 'em.

Don Q. I muſt reflect upon't. Now Madam, pleaſe your Majeſty to ſet forward.

Lead me where e'er you pleaſe; 'tis ſtill my duty
To right a Ladies wrongs, and fight for Fame and Beauty.

Don Fern. Long live the Illuſtrious and Incomparable Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha.* [*Exit* Don Quixote, *leading* Dorothea, *and* Fernando *following*.

Perez. How I admire his Fortitude and Vertue! — Well Neighbour, what's your buſineſs. [Perez *going out*, Sancho *ſtops him*.

Sancho. Why, look'ee Neighbour, tho' I wiſht you hang'd juſt now, 'twas only in my Paſſion, d'e ſee,—— and never the ſooner for a haſty Word——you know; and therefore becauſe I know you can forget and forgive, I'll make bold to deſire a Favour of you.

Perez. Well Neighbour, tho' you were a little hard upon the Prieſt-hood; yet becauſe I know 'twas done without any intention of harm, I'll paſs it by for once; come, what is't?

Sancho. Why, you muſt know that my Maſter, *Don Quixote*, is juſt now breeding a new Maggot in his Pate, not to be an Emperor, but a Pope, or a Cardinal: And if ſo, my Preferment's gone agen, for I am wholly unfit for any (what d'e call it) Ecclaſtical Dignity, becauſe I am a married Man; and for me to be every foot hunting for Diſpenſations to enjoy Church-Livings, were to pound a Snow-ball in a Mortar, with deſign to make Powder on't; therefore I would deſire you as his Friend, to adviſe him to be an Emperor by all means, that I may have an Office proper; for to ſay the truth, I may chance to make an Angel of a Governour, but I ſhall be a very Devil of a Church-man.

Nicho. How's this? Have I caught thee a ſecond time vilifying the Church? nay now the Inquiſition ſhall know it, and the Maid of Honour be mine for my good ſervice: I'll about it inſtantly; you are a precious Rogue indeed.

Sancho. Will ye ſo, ye old Bearded Goat? I'll have a Tuft on you firſt 'ifaith; I'll ſend ye mark'd to the Inquiſition however. How now! What a Plague, does he ſhed his Beard as Snakes do their Skins? Hey day, who the Devil have we here? our merry Neighbour and Townsman Mr. *Nicholas* the Barber?

{ Sancho *goes to take him by the Beard, and pulls it off.*

Nicho. The Planets have decreed it — Sword, Fire, Ruin, Plague and Deſolation. Woe be to *Spain!* the fatal Beard is off. [*Stares as if mad.*

[*Exit* Nicho.

Perez. I muſt ſecond the Barber, ——or this Accident will—— diſcover us—— [*Aſide.*] The great Eclipſe is coming; Dooms-day too is near. Woe, Woe to *Spain*! the fatal Beard is off.

[*Exit* Perez.

Sancho. The Beard is off indeed, and as cleverly as the wearer himſelf could have ſhaved it: But what this is to *Spain*, and Eclipſes, and Dooms-day, there I am puzl'd again. The Beard has diſcovered the Barber, and if the Barber don't diſcover the Trick of the Inchanted Beard, I ſhall begin to fear there's ſome Dog trick in the buſineſs; I knew him for an arch Rogue when he was at home, and therefore doubt him the more now; 'Gad I muſt after him and know the Truth——But ſtay, firſt let's take a Dram of Conſideration, Friend *Sancho*——Let me ſee——

The Fortunes of this Day are worth repeating:
My Mornings Breakfaſt was a luſty beating;
My Nooning time, more lucky tho' by far,
Cramm'd then with hopes to be a Governour.
But now, this Evening Whim has chang'd it ſo,
That what I am, Plague take me if I know;
Whether an Earl, fit to wear Pearl and Ruby,
Or *Sancho*, as I was——a Country Booby. [*Exit*.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Ordinary.*

Enter Fernando *and* Lucinda.

Fernand. HE's dreſs'd, and ready to come out; the Doctor tells me too his Sence is perfectly recovered, the Phrenſie being only continued by Colds and ill Dyet, the Medicine has taken effect, which, aſſiſted by his gentle Sleeps, have quite reſtor'd him.

Lucind. The Sorrow and Diſtreſſes he has ſuffer'd, have chang'd him ſo, I fear he has forgot me.

Fernand. Never fear it, Madam——Here he comes, pray ſtep in there till I am ready for ye. [*Exit* Lucinda.

Enter Cardenio *new dreſs'd.*

Carden. My Lord, it ſeems I ſtand indebted to ye for Courteſies relating to my Health of Brain and Body, but my wounded Soul, in its moſt dear and tender part, my Love, ſtabb'd by your Falſhood and unnatural Cruelty, ſtands yet unſuccour'd, that is, unreveng'd; therefore as I muſt thank ye for the one, my Sword for th' other demands Satisfaction. [Cardenio *draws.*

Fernand. Hold, pauſe a little: The Sacred Blood of Friends is of more value than to be ſhed raſhly without debate or reaſoning. What's your Quarrel to me?

Carden. Oh, bring me not to my mad fit agen, from whence I'm juſt reliev'd, by ſuch a curſed Repetition. *Lucinda!* think on *Lucinda.*

Fernand. Well, I'll ſpeak the reſt, I know I took her from thee.

Carden. And canſt thou hope to live? [*Offers to fight.*

Fernand. Hold yet, and hear me ſpeak: 'Twas my reſiſtleſs Love, not I, betray'd thee; the God of Amity oppos'd in vain; all the ſoft Bonds of our endearing Friendſhip, were ſcorch'd and burnt, by her bright Eyes, to Aſhes.

Carden. I'll hear no more; defend thy ſelf, or die. [*Offers agen.*

Fernand. I will not fight with thee. Is this obſcure Cottage a proper Stage to drink the Blood of Friends? No, I'll reſerve it for ſome Amphitheatre, that when we play the Prize for fatal Beauty, no leſs than Thouſands may admire the Action.

Carden. Away thou Trifler, I am loth to call thee Coward.

Fernand. I believe thee, and know thou canſt not do it with a ſafe Conſcience; for I, too often in our days of Friendſhip, have proved my ſelf ſo contrary, that well thou knoweſt I fear thee not, *Cardenio*; no, the reaſon why I refuſe, is---I have wrong'd thee; and by my good Will, I would have my Blood be the laſt means of giving Satisfaction; therefore I charge thee firſt mark my Propoſals: I took a Lady from thee—— Well, to atone it, here is one in Exchange, whom if you uſe ill, or with undecent Obſtinacy ſlight, we then muſt fight indeed. [*Brings in* Lucinda *veil'd.*

Carden. And ſo we muſt, Sir; your Women ſhall not be your Bucklers long.--Hah!—This is a Face indeed that my Heart bows to, whoſe Eyes, tho guilty, are too fierce for mine. [*She unveils and embraces him.*

Lucind. My dear *Cardenio*, I am thine for ever; cheer thy ſad Looks, and ſmile with Joy upon me; for Fate ſhall never, never part us more.

Carden. Oh thou ſweet Viſion, get thee from my ſight, for I muſt love thee, tho' I know thee falſe.

Lucind. By Heaven I am as true as Truth it ſelf; the Letter thou receiv'ſt, was not of mine, but of *Don Fernand*'s counterfeiting.

Carden. Hah! What is t I hear! *Don Fernand*'s counterfeiting?

Fernand. I muſt confeſs it was, Sir; for which I ask your Pardon; my headlong, raſh, and moſt ungovern'd Paſſion, check'd at no Crime, that would indulge my Wiſhes: This caus'd her flight into a Nunnery, from whence I forced her, and had no doubt proceeded, had not my Guardian Angel, my dear *Dorothea*, prov'd my good Genius to prevent my Miſchief.

Enter

1717.
June: 20
Longburow- Gt.

Enter Dorothea.

Carden. Oh Heaven! is this *Dorothea*!

Lucind. The very ſame, Sir.

Fernand. Let this atone then for my raſh Offence, that I ſurrender back this precious Jewel, bright and unſullied; and for my Sin in ſeeking to corrupt her, with Shame and ſorrow once more beg your Pardon.

Carden. My Lord, you've done me Juſtice, and I thank ye. Oh my ſweet Life! I ſhall grow wild with Joy, ſuch vaſt content crowds in, I cannot bear it. Oh, Madam! How ſhall I repay your Goodneſs too? [*To* Dorothea.

Doroth. Let me be happy in the re-uniting my Lord and you, I then am overpaid.

Carden. Let this declare my willingneſs, I have forgot what's paſt.

Fernand. And this mine—we will be Friends for ever. [*They embrace*

Enter Perez, *and* Nicholas.

Carden. Oh, my honeſt and worthy Friend, I am thy Debtor too.

Perez. My Care, Sir, was my Duty, and I'm heartily glad to ſee my Diligence ſo well ſucceed. And now if you pleaſe to change the Scene, and give your ſelves a little Diverſion, there's Matter working within, will occaſion it I'm ſure.

Doroth. Ha, ha, ha, ha,——what, *Sancho* has told his Maſter, I ſuppoſe, the Accident of the Beard?

Nicho. Yes, and in the horribleſt fright you ever knew; he is now with him; the Rogue begins to ſtumble upon our contrivance of the Princeſs too, Madam; ſo that we muſt ſet more Wheels a-going.

Fernand. But 'prithee how wilt thou tope upon him now, for he muſt needs know thee now thy Face is bare?

Perez. We'll make him believe that all things are governed by Inchantment. The Inn-keeper has provided half a dozen merry Fellows, with Magicians and Devils Vizards, ſuch as are uſed in *Carnaval* time, with other rare Anticks, and all to aſſiſt in the Frolick. He alſo has a rare Contrivance to carry him off, which is, a great wooden Cage, in which Two Eagles formerly were kept; the uſe of it, if you pleaſe to be preſent, you'll ſee with Satisfaction; and if you can laugh, you'll have cauſe I warrant you.

Nicho. Your Lordſhip muſt take no notice that you know me, but look and ſpeak as if you ne'er had ſeen me.

Fern. I'll warrant thee, my merry Face-Smoother, I'll humour the Jeſt.

Doroth. And to confound *Sancho* the more, I'll go to his Maſter preſently, and preſs him to go on with his Journey towards the Giant.

Perez. I'll wait on ye, and ſecond what you ſay.

Nich. And then come I inchanted.

Lucind. We muſt be Spectators of the Sport too, one way or other.

Carden. Oh, that may be eaſily done; and to help forward with the Jeſt, I'll go and act the part of an Enchanter, and aſſiſt in the Song. I long, methinks, to ſee this ſtrange Knight-Errant, for I remember him not; tho' once in my Diſtreſs, I'm told I met him to his coſt.

Fernand. Ha, ha, ha,—I heard indeed you ſwing'd him once confoundedly. But come, 'prithee, let's make haſte to him, and ſee this rare performance of Inchantment.

Doroth. 'Tis time we were there. Come Unkle, you are to ſecond me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Town with the Inn.*

Enter Don Quixote *and* Sancho *with the Beard.*

Don Q. THou tell'ſt me Wonders, *Sancho.*

Sancho. Strange, and true, Sir——There's the Beard, and within is the Barber; I am ſure theſe Eyes ſaw him; and I think I know his ſniveling, Sheep-ſtealing Phiz too well to be miſtaken in him.

Don Q. I am not a Jot the more of thy Opinion becauſe thou ſay'ſt thou haſt ſeen him; for, *Sancho*, I am ſatisfied thou can'ſt not ſee.

Sancho. Not ſee!————

Don Q. No, thy Senſe is often blind——thy Reaſon always; beſides a Thouſand ſtrange Defects brood in thee to clog thy Underſtanding.

Sancho. Very good: Well, will you do me the Favour to let me feel then, if I can't ſee? Will you let me be ſenſible of the Daſh in the Chops, that damn'd Squire of the *Horſe-Tail* gave me before I unbearded him; I hope I may with ſome Aſſurance ſay I felt that, mayn't I?

Don Q. Why, according to the Stoical Philoſopher——no.

Sancho. No? 'Gadsbud, what a ſtrange kind of a Creature am I then, that can neither feel nor ſee! But whatever you ſay of my Underſtanding, I'm ſure I know this, *That a Man's Life is a Winters Day, and a Winters way: A Cudgel that bruizes, is a thing that contuſes.* I have a ſore place here in my Shoulder, occaſion'd by a Stone from one of the Gilley Slaves, ſhall make me believe I can feel, whatever your damn'd Stockick or Philoſopher, with a Pox to him, ſays to the contrary.

Don Q. I tell thee, Clod-pate, there is no certainty in Nature; ſo that if thy Noſe were battered flat with a Smith's Hammer, or thy Head open'd with a Church-key, ſo that one might ſee thy Brains, thou ought'ſt not unlearnedly to ſay, thy Head is really broke, but that thou ſuppoſeſt it to be ſo.

Sancho. Ah, the Devil take your Suppoſe, will you make me mad? Won't you let me feel I am beaten, when the Cudgel is upon me? nor ſee that the ſham Squire yonder, is that cunning Rogue, *Nicholas* the Barber of our Town, that comes to put a Trick upon ye? and that the Beard you hold in your Hand there is a White Horſe Tail ty'd on to play his Prank in?

Don Q. Why 'Faith as to the Beard, it may ſeem to thee a Horſe Tail indeed, as I confeſs it does to me; but 'tis Obſtinacy to be poſitive in't, becauſe thou know'ſt too well how theſe Inchanters perſecute me.

Sancho. Ah plague, nay, if that Whim poſſeſs your Brain agen, you will find a number of Inchantments within yonder: There's your Lady *Miſriſoma*, what a Devil d'e call her, is as much a King's Daughter too, as I am a Knight of the Garter, or Golden Fleece; the Giant *Dandipratdando* may dance a Jig in her Dominions as long as he pleaſes, for all your Proweſs: for Curioſity tempting me to peep through the Key-hole of a Door this Morning, who ſhould I ſee, but your chaſte delicate *Miſriſoma*, ſitting in the Lap of the young Rampant *Spaniſh Don* that came with her, and clinging as cloſe as two Faces in a Medal.

Don Q. How's this! —— O excommunicated Raſcal, dar'ſt thou affront the Queen?

Sancho. Queen! 'Oons, what Queen? 'tis a hopeful Queen that will let one of her Subjects ruffle her like a Bulker in a Bawdy-houſe. 'Sbud, I ſaw him bruſh his Whiskers upon her Face twenty times one after another.

Don Q. Oh ſlanderous Villain, thou haſt liv'd too long. [*Beats him.*

Sancho. Oh, good Sir, Mercy, Mercy, I may be miſtaken—I do but ſuppoſe I ſaw all this—I do but ſuppoſe it, Sir.

Don Q. Suppoſe this then too, Raſcal—to confirm ye. [*Beats him.*

Enter Dorothea.

Doroth. Hold thy dead-doing Hand, moſt Noble Errant: Wonder of Wonders! What Empire's revolution, or other accident of vaſt and mighty moment, could raiſe the Anger of the great *Don Quixote*?

Don Q. That Rat, that Vermin there, that but for the Reverence I bear to your Majeſty's Perſon, my Foot ſhould tread into his primitive Clod, amongſt his fellow Worms that there inhabit: Would you believe it, Madam? the Blaſphemous Varlet had the Impudence to tell me you were no Queen! And that you were as familiar with the Maſter of your Ceremonies, as if he had been privy to your Intellect, and had got ye an Heir to the Kingdom of *Micomicon.*

Doroth. Oh! I forgive him freely; his Error, no doubt, is caus'd by ſome Illuſion, that often happens in my Affairs: Therefore, Noble Sir, let's go with our beſt ſpeed t' attack the Giant; when he is dead all theſe Chimera's vaniſh.

Don Q. Deſponding Hang dog, what ſay you to this now? Is ſhe a Queen, or no?

Sancho. Why? as well as a beaten Governour can give his judgment, I do ſuppoſe ſhe is.

Enter Perez *and* Nicholas.

Perez. Miracles! Miracles! Bold Knight, ſtand on thy Guard; for here's a wonderful Adventure coming; the Inn's all in Confuſion; and by the ſeveral Transformations there, we find the Inchanters are in ſearch for thee: My Hoſteſs within Mews like a Cat, and *Maritornes* anſwers like a Screech Owl; two bawling Carriers are turn'd into He-Aſſes, and Bray inceſſantly; and the good Reverend Squire here to this Sage Princeſs, ſeems in my Eyes, chang'd like to our Town Barber.

Don Q. Oh Power of ſtrong Inchantment! Is this poſſible? But that I know how I am perſecuted, I ſhould have ſworn this was my very Neighbour, that oft with Razor-keen and Lathering Waſhball, mow'd the rough Stubble from my dented Chin, and ſnapp'd his Fingers with acute Agility.

Doroth. This cannot be my Squire, I know him not.

Sancho. Hah—ah— [Sancho *grins and ſhakes his head.*

Nichol. I am thy Squire, O Queen, but now Inchanted by the Sage *Merlin,* who is coming hither for endeavouring to deprive great *Sancho Pancha* of the Wife the Fates allot him, the Maid of Honour; for in ſhort time the Deſtinies ſo order, *Tereſa* ſhall bequeath to Death her Beauties, and he ſurvive with the fair *Rumpibella.*

Don Q. D'e hear this, Bacon-face? Are not you a damn'd deſponding Son of a Whore, hah? What can you ſay now?

Sancho. Why, I ſay, good News and a Bag-pudding, is better than ill with nothing to Dinner: If Miſtreſs *Rump,* what d'e call her, fall to my lot by your means, you ſhall ſuppoſe me another drubbing as ſoon as you pleaſe; and as for *Tereſa*'s Beauty, let her bequeath it to the Devil, or where ſhe pleaſes: All Shooes fit not all Feet; *Sancho* ſhall bear the loſs of that well enough.

Enter Don Fernando *and* Lucinda.

Fernando. Prodigy on Prodigy! Stand forth, thou moſt Renowned, for an Adventure's coming hither to thee, has ſtruck us blind with gazing: A Golden Chariot drawn by fiery Horſes, deſcended from the Sky, and out of which came forth an Aged Man with a Majeſtick form.

Lucind. He comes, he comes; O how I tremble!

Don Q. Madam, diſmiſs your fear; whilſt I am by ye, you are ſafe as in a Sanctuary.

Enter Vincente *diſguis'd like* Merlin.

Vincent. To thee, O Knight of the *Ill-favour'd Face*, from my low Cell near hot *Veſuvio*'s Mount, where our black Spirits with perpetual labour, ſurrounded with blue Flames and ſulphurous Smoak, with horrid ſilence, forge our Magick Spells; I, the Sage *Merlin*, come, ſent by the Fates, to hinder for a time, thy preſent Enterprize: The Queen muſt Patience have, and *Pandafilando* revel and range within her large Dominions, till it ſhall come, that the *Manchegan* Lyon and the *Toboſian* Dove are joyn'd in Wedlock; for ſo 'tis fix'd, ſpite of *Trinacrio* and his Priſtine Charms: Therefore, all you my Partners in the ſecret, dark and myſterious Art of *Necromancy*, appear, and with a Charm as ſtrong as Deſtiny, ſeize on the moſt Illuſtrious Knight and Squire, and in the Inchanted Chariot bear 'em hence, to th' place the Fates have ordered. [*Dreadful ſounds of Muſick heard.*

Enter two Women repreſenting Urganda *and* Meliſſa, *two Enchantreſſes, led by* Monteſmo, *another Inchanter.*

[*They ſeize* Don Quixote *and* Sancho Pancha.

Don Q. I feel the Charm already; my Blood freezes, and my Enervate Arms, inur'd to Battel, grow weak and ſpiritleſs.

Sancho. What d'e feel? 'sbud, Sir, you only fanſie ſo; for my part I feel nothing, not I, only my Fingers itch to be battering that old Fellow; who for all his diſguiſe there, is as like mine Hoſt of that plaguy Inn, where I was toſſed in a Blanket t'other day, as one Thumb is like another: Ay, and now I look nearer him, 'tis he, Sir, 'tis he:—— A Trick, a Trick, 'Gadzooks, I know him.

Don Q. Peace, ſordid Wretch.

Nichol. Oh Impudent Scoundrel! Dareſt thou affront the Great *Merlin*, that deſign'd ſo well for thee.

Fernand. See, *Merlin* frowns; woe, woe be to thee, *Sancho!*

{*The Inchantreſſes ſeize him, he ſtruggles to get looſe.*

Doroth. I fear we ſhall be puniſh'd for his ſake.

Lucind. Oh, naughty *Sancho*, haſt thou no ſenſe of fear, when thou ſeeſt the very Off-ſpring of the Devil before thy Eyes? I ſhall laugh out; I am ſcarce able to contain— Lord, how the Fools look! [*Aſide to* Lucinda.

Muſick ſounds in Recitative, then an Inchanter and two Inchantreſſes, ſing in parts this Song.

SONG.

Monteſmo *With this, this ſacred charming Wand,*
I can Heaven and Earth command.
Huſh all ye Winds that curle the angry Sea,
And make the rowling Waves obey.
Urganda. *I from the Clouds can conjure down the Rain,*
And make it Deluge once again.
Meliſſa. *I when I pleaſe make Nature ſmile as gay,*
As at firſt ſhe did on her Creation Day.
Groves with eternal ſweets ſhall fragrant grow,
And make a true Elyzium *here below.*

Chorus. Groves with Eternal ſweets ſhall fragrant grow,
And make a true *Elyzium* here below.

Meliſſa. *I can give Beauty, make the aged young,*
And Love's dear momentary Rapture long.
Urgand. *Nature reſtore, and Life, when ſpent, renew;*
All this by Art can great Urganda *do.*
Why then will Mortals dare
To urge a Fate, and Juſtice ſo ſevere?
See there a Wretch in's own Opinion Wiſe,
Laughs at our Charms, and mocks our Myſteries.
Meliſſa. *I've a little Spirit yonder,*
Where the Clouds do part aſunder,
Lies basking his Limbs
In the warm Sun-Beams,
Shall his Soul from his Body plunder.
Urganda. *Speak ſhall it be ſo? No,*
That Fate's too high; I'll give him one more low.
Meliſſa. *Let it be ſo,* &c.
Appear, ye fat Fiends that in Limbo *do groan,*
That were, when in Fleſh, the ſame Souls as his own.
You that always in Lucifer's *Kitchen reſide,*
'Mongſt Sea Coal, and Kettles, and Greaſe newly try'd:
That pamper'd each day with a Garbidge of Souls,
Broil Raſhers of Fools for a Breakfaſt on Coals.
Theſe Mortals from hence to convey try your skill;
Thus Fates and our Magical Orders fulfill.

Chorus. Appear, ye fat Fiends that in *Limbo* do groan,
That were, when in Fleſh, the ſame Souls as his own.
You that always in *Lucifer's* Kitchen reſide,
'Monſt Sea-Coal, and Kettles, and Greaſe newly try'd:

T

That pamper'd each day with a Garbidge of Souls,
Broil Raſhers of Fools for a Breakfaſt on Coals.
Theſe Mortals from hence to convey try your ſkill;
Thus Fates and our Magical Order fulfill.

Then enter Furies bearing a great Cage, into which they put Don Quixote. Sancho *ſtruggles to get off; the Inchantreſſes wave their Wands, and then there is an Antick Dance of Spirits to fright* Sancho, *who at laſt drive him into the Cage by* Don Quixote.

Vincent. You Mortals that have view'd our Magick Skill,
As you would 'ſcape our dreadful Charms, be ſtill:
Whilſt we our ſecret Conſultations make,
None but th' Inchanted muſt have leave to ſpeak:
For *Sancho*'s Fault, you all had felt his Caſe,
Had you not been reliev'd by *Merlin*'s Grace.

Magicians go aſide and Conſult.

Don Q. You muſt be Sawcy, with a Pox t'ye, and now ſee what comes on't: Had not *Merlin* been Gracious, the Queen and all this Company had been Inchanted through your Inſolence; you ſee how narrowly they have 'ſcap'd.

Sancho. I ſee! 'sbud, why, don't you ſay I can ſee nothing? I ſuppoſe I am in a Cage now, coop'd up like a green Gooſe with your wiſe Worſhip: But to ſay I ſee this were Madneſs, unleſs I reſolve to have my Bones broke.

Don Q. A Cage! Oh blind Stupidity! Now will I referr my ſelf to any thing that's Wiſe, to know if thou doſt not deſerve to have thy Bones broke, to call th' Inchanted Chariot here a Cage?

Sancho. Oh!——ſo then, this is a Chariot, is it?

Don Q. Yes, Raſcal, what elſe can it be? did not the great *Merlin* call it ſo?

Sancho Oh, very good —— Nay, nay, I ſuppoſe it.

Shaking his head at Don. Q.

Don Q. 'Tis ſomething odd, I confeſs: The Knights of old that ſuffer'd on theſe occaſions, were carried through the Air in ſome ſtrange Cloud, or mounted on a flying *Hippogryphis*:—— But perhaps the Method's chang'd.

Sancho. 'Tis chang'd to a very pretty Method, truly:—If any one would ſee a Raree-Show, let him come hither: Here's the Emperor and the Governour Cheek by Jole, like two Paraguites hung up in a Hall Window: Lord, if we were in *England* now, what a World of Fools Six-pences we ſhould get for a ſight of us: A Groat to ſee the Emperor, and Two-pence the Earl; 'Oons we ſhould put down all the Holiday Monſters clearly.

Don Q. Very well, Dogbolt; you are Witty agen, are ye? and I ſuppoſe, know the Privilege of the place you are in.

Sancho. The narrowneſs of the place I'm in, I ſuppoſe I do; 'tis in vain to be angry here, Sir, here's no room for drubbing.

Don Q. No, I forgive thee, becauſe I perceive the Inchantment works upon thee; beſides the Fable ſays, *That in the Toyl, once the*

Wolf and the Sheep were Friends : Then I know thou art nettled too about the delay of thy Preferment ; which troth, as things ſtand, I muſt needs ſay I cannot now prefix a time to.

Sanch. Why troth I as faithfully believe ye.

Don Q. What grieves me moſt, is to ſee the trouble the Queen is in yonder : But, Madam, I beſeech ye don't deſpair, theſe Accidents are common to Knights Errant ; but 'tis only for a time, for I ſhall ſoon be free agen to aid ye—— till when, confirm your hopes in my paſt promiſe—She thanks me with a Sign ; but the reſt, that by thy Fault are now deprived of Speech, by their Actions, *Sancho*, ſeem to threaten thee.

Sancho. Why, let 'em threaten ; if they will help me out of my Inchanted Caſtle here, I'll give 'em leave to take their Revenge : But a pox on my ill breeding and folly, Old Father *Merlin* has found another way, and there's no more to be done but Patience, and be wiſer another time :——*A ſcalded Cat fears cold Water : If Wiſhes could bide, then Beggers would Ride : The worth of a thing is beſt known by its want ;* and *One Nightingale in a Buſh, ſings better than 'two Jackdaws in a Cage :* And ſo, Sir, *let's behold our ſelves*, as one blind Fool ſaid to t'other.

Don Q. Oh Plague! why, thou art in thy Kingdom, I ſee now ; this is the rareſt place to ſtring thy Proverbs and thy Flim-flams in ; I muſt get *Merlin* to Inchant that Tongue of thine a little, I find there will be no peace elſe.

Muſick ſounds again ; the Magicians return ; then a Dance of Furies ; which ended, they take up the Cage and prepare to go out.

Vincent. The Hour is come, and all the Sons of Art in Council ſit ; haſt and ſet forward there.

[*Enter Hoſteſs and* Maritornes.

Hoſteſs. Why Dolt, Madman, Aſs ; a Murrain take thee, whither wilt thou let them carry thee—thus like a Fool ? 'D'sheartlikins, haſt not Brains enough to ſee 'tis only a Trick upon thee to make thee a——mew——mew—— [*Mews like a Cat, when* Vincent *waves his Rod.*

Maritor. And you, Jolthead Governour, don't you know a Proverb, that ſays, *Bray a Fool in a Mortar, and you'll find all of him but his Brains.* Where the Devil are you riding like a—— whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo— [*Shrieks like an Owl.*

Don Q. Alas, ſweet Ladies, I pity ye, I ſee you feel my Fate, but cannot help me.

Till *Merlin* does ordain I ſhall be freed,
Valour's in Bonds, and Chivalry lies dead.

Sancho. Earl *Sancho* is cag'd, paſt all relief,
Not like a Governour, but like a Thief. [*They are carry'd off.*

Don Fern. Ha, ha, ha, ha,——rarely perform'd of all Hands: Gramercy mine Hoſt, thou haſt acted thy Part like any Comedian.

Vincent. Ah, to divert your Lordſhip and the good Company here, I could do twice as much as this is.

Perez. There was no way to get him home but this, which has been excellently well humour'd on all ſides.

Lucind. The Princeſs *Micomicona* deſerves a real Kingdom for the Wit ſhe has ſhown in't.

Carden. She has indeed done it to a Miracle; and manag'd, not only the Action, but the Romantick Stile ſo naturally, that a wiſer Head than *Don Quixote*'s might have been deceived.

Doroth. Not unleſs he had ſome Sparks of his Phrenſy. But what pleaſes me moſt is *Sancho*, who is every foot at a loſs, whether he ſhall be a Governour or nothing.

Fernand. Ha, ha, ha,—Come now, let's go dine, and laugh an Hour away about it within.

Nicho. Ay, ay, a Jeſt ſounds always moſt merrily at a good Dinner, my Lord; and to ſay the truth, the Squire of the Beard has been inchanted ſo long, that he begins to be hungry.

Fern. Oh, thy Mirth ſhall begin preſently then; were thy Hunger as ſharp as one of thy one Razors it ſhould be blunted——Come, mine Hoſteſs too, and little *Maritornes*—y' have all done admirably. Oh, how every little Subject pleaſes us, when Love has tun'd our Souls by his ſweet Harmony! Now, [*Embracing* Dorothea.
my dear Friend, I hope your Joys are perfect too. [*To* Cardenio.

Carden. In my *Lucinda*'s Love, mine are as perfect as Heaven has Pow'r to make 'em.

Lucind. And mine in meeting with my dear *Cardenio.*

Doroth. And let each kind, too late repenting, Maid,
That fears ſhe's by inconſtant Man betray'd,
Yet by peculiar Fate, and Grace Divine,
At laſt retrieves her Lover——gueſs at mine.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

Finis [redacted]